The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1902.

The Week.

If May 20, 1902, was a great day for Cuba, it was also a day memorable and honorable in the annals of the United States. Four years ago, in a solemn appeal to the God of battles, this country renounced any intention of exercising jurisdiction over Cuba. It was, we vowed, to secure to the people of that island the blessings of self-government that we went to war, and on Tuesday we had the official notification of the President of the United States that the Government of Cuba was turned over to the people of Cuba. The vow is performed. We have changed not, even if we swore to our own hurt. The spectacle is one for general gratulation. We will not allow any of our fellow-countrymen to surpass us in rejoicing over the glory of our furled flag in Cuba. At the same time, we do not forget what is lacking to make the occasion one of unalloyed satisfaction as patriots. In spite of ourselves, and in the teeth of the good intentions of our people, we cannot be without a certain national shame that we are launching the Cuban republic on so unnecessarily troubled a sea. We have kept our main promise, but the subordinate pledges, the incidental duty, we have left unfulfilled. Only to our own President's message do we need to turn to find what command of "honor" in our relations to Cuba we have failed to obey. We have not been generous. We have not done our best to give the new Cuban nation a fair chance to live and grow. We have wished it prosperity, but we have withheld the means of prosperity. We have cast the bantling republic on the rocks. Everybody knows how this has happened. It is not that we have been ungenerous as a people. Americans, as a whole, would undoubtedly have been more than willing to match deed with word, and give the Cubans a livelihood as well as life. But a selfish commercial policy, which we adopted in the days of our provincialism, has remained to plague us now that our trade and our influence are touching the ends of the earth. Protection has, in the matter of commercial concessions to Cuba, given the crowning proof that it is, in essence, hostile to our true national power and dignity, and is smitten with that selfish blindness which made Spanish policy seem "decrepit and grotesque."

Some will see a pathetic significance in the chance which brought the coronation of the young King of Spain within three days of the date for setting up a Cuban republic. Yet there can be little doubt, and there are many in Spain to-day to assert it, that the loss of Cuba —especially of the Philippines—leaves the Spanish kingdom better off than it was with those colonial millstones hanging about its neck. The outlook for the boy King may not be particularly flattering, but it is far brighter than it would have been if he had come of age, say, in 1897. It is, by the way, interesting to read in that influential Spanish newspaper, *La Epoca*, a plea for the prompt recognition of the Cuban republic by Spain. It urges the Government not to make again the mistake which the Spanish authorities persisted in for so long—that of refusing to recognize the independence of Mexico and the various South American republics. Such a greeting of the new nationality would be very handsome on the part of Spain, and would doubtless arouse enthusiasm in Cuba; but we fear that the Spanish Government will not soon follow England's example in sending a minister to Havana. The reason is that the United States has so tied up the Cuban Government by means of the Platt amendment that the ordinary motives for establishing diplomatic relations with Cuba are destroyed. Foreigners will expect to transact their more important Cuban business in Washington.

The action taken in the Rathbone case does not imply that this offender is to have a new trial. It bestows upon the Supreme Court of Cuba the right to review the evidence taken, and to order a new trial should it find reasons for doing so, or should there be new evidence on behalf of Rathbone. This power of review and right of appeal did not exist, and had to be given at once by the President, as the Cuban republic was on the eve of establishment. The grant is in accord with legal procedure in this country. It will have one unpleasant result, in that the case will now drag its weary length along for many months more. When we think of the earnestness with which the Imperialistic press assured us, two years ago, of the speed with which the postal frauds would be punished, we cannot, in the light of the present freedom on bail of the most prominent offender, doubt that most of the moral effect of the punishment will be lost by the time that Rathbone's case is finally decided.

Far from disposing of the Danish West Indies in a hurry, the Landthing has put the whole matter over to September. This shows a gratifying independence of commercial considerations, for, in view of the precarious conditions of all the Lesser Antilles, any one having islands to sell would naturally sell them while it was possible to deliver the goods. It is said that St. Kitts and St. Thomas are beyond danger of volcanic disturbance, but this is a fairly hazardous assertion. In case of a calamity similar to that which has taken place at Martinique, might not the very interesting question arise, Who is to bear the loss—Denmark or ourselves? International law has, we feel sure, no precedent for the case of an island injured in transit. The offer of the United States is good until withdrawn, and probably the Government of Denmark might, following the example of conveyancers and express companies, disclaim responsibility for a depreciation in value fairly attributable to an "act of God." If this view of the case be just, the Danish Opposition can afford to delay proceedings for political purposes. Whether this is good business is very doubtful. If they were our islands, we should close with Mr. Hay's offer, and take the plébiscite to-morrow.

In connection with the blotting out of human life in Martinique and St. Vincent, we have seen much geological but very little theological speculation. Yet a hundred years ago the latter would have been the more prominent. The difficulty of accounting for such natural evils (as theologians call them in distinction from moral evil) was one which sorely tried the reasoning powers of the eighteenth-century divines who attempted to vindicate the ways of God to man. The cheerful optimism of the English Deists dealt with the matter in a different spirit. Pope enunciated their doctrine, which John Morley says was "only a particular way of repudiating Christianity." The "Essay on Man" takes the comfortable view that "plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design." A common theory of the older theodicies was that natural evil did indirect good by promoting virtue. Such reasoning would maintain, we suppose, that the Creator destroyed 30,000 human beings in Martinique in order to cultivate the grace of generosity in the United States.

The Boston *Herald* calls attention to the fact that, of all the 350 cases of officers and men tried in the Philippines which were recently sent to Congress by Secretary Root, only one is that of a trial for torture. For hanging certain natives by the neck for ten seconds, a captain and lieutenant were found guilty and given the terrible punishment of receiving a reprimand. This was quite in keeping with the sentence of Lieut. Preston Brown for murdering a native. His pro-

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motion to captain was delayed about three months. In the case of Capt. James A. Ryan, Fifteenth Cavalry, a special investigator sent by Gen. Chaffee reported of Ryan's victims that

> "each individual, before being examined, had his arms tied to his body in such a manner that he could not protect his head when falling. Then he was stood up erect upon a wooden floor and had his legs knocked from under him; then his body was lifted and his head jolted against the floor once more, whereupon he was stood upon his head in a bucket of water for a certain length of time and then was examined. This process was employed three times in succession before Waldo Abing made his statement. About a dozen of the natives are said to have been tortured in this way."

Capt. Ryan was not put on trial by Gen. Chaffee until the latter was ordered to do so from Washington. Nothing quite so discreditable as this has yet been said about Gen. Chaffee, but there are plenty of less flagrant cases in which he has also failed to do his duty, and shown himself the poorest kind of disciplinarian. Not until Major Waller, an officer of another service, offended, did he find it his duty to ask Washington for a court-martial. Whatever the outcome of this whole question of misconduct in the Philippines, there can be no question that, if Secretary Root and Gen. Chaffee had taken vigorous measures to stop it, the thing would have been checked in its inception. There was plenty of evidence in the Brown case to show how far the demoralization had gone, for officers hitherto favorably known testified then that it was their practice to kill Filipinos without even hailing them. What was the use? they asked. We don't understand Tagalog, and the Filipinos do not know what "stop" or "halt" means.

That much-abused, high-minded, and benevolent assimilator, Gen. Jacob H. Smith, familiarly known as "Hell-Roaring Jake," would seem to be in trouble again. This time it is a miserable Civil Governor, in Leyte, a Capt. J. H. Grant, who accuses him; not one of those absurd humanitarians or weak-kneed Anti-Imperialists who protest against the killing of women and children. The Governor complains, it seems, because the military authorities sustained a severe fright after the massacre at Balangiga, and did many things to hinder the progress of civil government. One of "Jake" Smith's little jokes was the arrest of 150 refugees from Samar who had fled to Tacloban, and this without warrant or process of law. Owing to the nervousness of an officer in charge of a detachment, a number of innocent laborers were killed or wounded in broad daylight, and one citizen was killed as far back as September 30 last by a sentry. About all this Gov. Grant plaintively remarks, "Of course, the people do not understand why these things should take place under civil government." Worst of all, Gov. Grant hints that our noble "Jake" belongs to the Funston class of "newspaper generals," and accuses him of carrying with him his own reporters to blow his horn wherever he goes. These reporters naturally overlooked the fact that Gen. Smith had brought about no captures or surrenders in Leyte. Plainly there is something wrong with Gov. Grant. Like other offenders, he is perhaps "demented," and we expect that Senator Lodge or the *Army and Navy Journal* or other defenders of military crime will demand his scalp at once. They should have it. Any one who would attack our greatest hero, Jacob H. Smith, whose likeness to Sherman and Sheridan is now patent to all our people, should hold no office under "Old Glory."

Though Mr. Carnegie's offer to take the temporary assignment of the Philippines in the interest of peace was of an unusual nature, we think the New York *Times*, with its customary instinct for picturesque and sweeping condemnation, is unduly severe with him. His offer to reimburse the Government for the $20,000,000 stipulated in the Treaty of Paris, and his solicitude to assure the Filipinos that their desire for independence would be gratified, show certainly great generosity and insight into the larger moral issues involved Mr. McKinley could not well accept such an offer; he may well have been surprised at receiving it, but we may be sure that he never said or thought that the proposal was "reckless and wicked." If the *Times* would once rise above its joy in denunciatory rhetoric, it would see that Mr. Carnegie's offer, although impracticable to-day, may be the prophecy of a new era of insular government. How many islands now challenge the beneficence of our latter-day millionaires! Mr. Carnegie wished to buy in order to prevent an insurrection. Other great operators might prefer to purchase an active revolution and a field for diplomacy.

If any lingering doubt remains as to the abstract morality of Mr. Carnegie's insular ambitions, none whatever attaches to his friend Mr. Schwab's purchase of a portion of the south shore of Staten Island as a pleasure ground for the poorer children of the city. Richmond Beach is admirably adapted to that use, and Mr. Schwab will undoubtedly work out sagaciously the practical details of his unique charity. The plan, so far as it has been announced, contemplates the free carrying to the beach of from one thousand to two thousand children a day through the whole summer season, and provision for their comfort and amusement while they stay there. The project will have the cordial approval of all who are interested in work for children, but undoubtedly Mr. Schwab will value more highly the gratitude of thousands of youngsters relieved from the killing heat of the city, and transferred from bricks and asphalt to clean white sand and the refreshment of the sea.

The position of Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall is not an important one in the organization. It is not the rudder of the ship, but the figure-head. In choosing Justice O'Gorman, however, instead of ex-Mayor Van Wyck, Tammany did well. Mr. O'Gorman is a jurist of distinction and a citizen of good repute. So far as a figure-head can serve to give respectability to a thoroughly bad organization, Mr. O'Gorman's name may be of some advantage to the party to which he belongs. If there is a real reformation going on in that quarter, its results will be shown next fall when Congressional nominations are made. It is for the public interest that the representation of New York in the House of Representatives, both Republican and Democratic, should correspond in some measure to its importance in population and commerce, and not fall below the average of the rural districts of our own and other States. If Justice O'Gorman's election prefigures an improvement in that quarter, we shall welcome it when it comes.

Politicians, of course, always consider any new development with reference to its effect on the next election. Consequently the talk among them now is about the bearing of the upheaval in Tammany upon the contest over the Governorship next fall. There is general agreement among them that, as things look at this time, the Nixon incident and the party demoralization which it inevitably involves have destroyed whatever chances the Democrats had before of beating Odell for a second term, if the Governor shall accept a renomination, as everybody now expects that he will. But the results of the present disclosures about Tammany will extend far beyond next fall, and will have a great influence upon the municipal election of 1903. Mr. Nixon's ignominious failure in the attempt to serve as a respectable figure-head for Tammany has shown the city how helpless Mr. Shepard would have been in the mayoralty if he had been elected as the one good man, with his hands tied, in a Tammany Administration. This lesson will sink more and more deeply into the public mind as time passes and the election of next year approaches. It is already clear that no Shepard will then be willing to try the rôle of decoy for a gang of corruptionists, or that, if anybody can be found foolish enough to sacrifice his reputation, he will get only the vote which a typical Tammany man would poll. The question, a year from next fall, will be simply whether the city wants a continuance of

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the good government it is getting under Mayor Low, or whether it prefers to wallow again in the Tammany mire. It is an immense gain to the reform cause that the issue is being made so plain.

The ratification on Monday, by the Steel Corporation's shareholders, of the proposal to convert $200,000,000 preferred shares into bonds was, we suppose, expected by everybody. The plan was endorsed by a larger vote of shareholders than the two-thirds required by the New Jersey law; this, too, was in accord with expectations. The Finance Committee did not formally propose the measure, we understand, until it had satisfied itself that such a majority vote of shareholders could be depended on. It is in order, therefore, to advance the argument that, the shareholders having formally approved, the directors have been justified in proposing the bond conversion, and that criticism ought to be stopped. We are unable to accept this argument; first, because if a financial proposal is wrong, it would not be made right even by a unanimous vote of shareholders, and, second, because the shareholders' vote was not unanimous, a minority of some 12,000 shares not only voting against the plan, but protesting in the meeting against it. The strong point of these dissenting speakers lay in their charge that no one had yet informed them why this action, entailing possibilities of great significance, had to be taken at all. You ask us, so said the opposition speakers at Monday's meeting, to run the company in debt to a large amount when we get no new assets whatever in return for it. You offer a commission of something like ten million dollars to a syndicate for the service of guaranteeing the operation, when the conversion could almost certainly be carried out without any intervention. Why were you forced to make so hazardous a move, and why must you pay so great a price for it? Judge Gary, Chairman of the Board, replied to the critics at the meeting in these words: "I am not going to argue the merits of this question now, though personally, and at another time, I shall be glad to explain to you the reasons why these steps were proposed."

Probably the fact that our excess of exports for the ten months of the fiscal year, up to April 30, has fallen off $148,000,000 from the year before, will startle some readers. It is startling, however, only because so much was made, in the three or four years preceding, of what the paragraphers used to call our "gigantic European credit fund." Analysis of the figures of the trade report shows $70,000,000 decrease in ten months' exports. But, of this decrease, fully $63,000,000 is accounted for by the corn and oat-crop failures of last season. Imports for the same period have increased $78,000,000; but recent detailed reports have clearly shown that much the larger part of that increase was in foreign raw material needed by our manufacturers. In the main, both movements are entirely normal. That they are looked on, in Wall Street, with some misgiving, is explained by the well-known fact that our "foreign credit fund" is being rather rapidly replaced by a "foreign debit." Calculations of economic experts, regarding Europe's indebtedness to us or ours to Europe, count for little in the face of a situation where our bankers and stockbrokers are borrowing in London by the million, day after day, to keep their various "deals" in motion.

A system of legislative representation which assigns one member to any town having less than 2,000 of population, two to a town of between 2,000 and 50,000 people, three to a town of 100,000, and four to a town in excess of 100,000, would be hooted at in any State except Connecticut. But the adoption of this system in the Constitutional Convention of that State is a measurable improvement on the existing plan, which ranks the town of 500 with the city of 100,000. What little of triumph there is in this result rests with the reformers in the Convention, who forced this small recognition of population in representation. Fears of the verdict of the voters contributed as much as argument to this end, but the belated recognition of public opinion shows that the Bourbons of Connecticut are learning. At the outset nothing would satisfy them but a recognition of the flat equality of the towns, and the concession now made is born of the political necessity of saving the State to the Republicans. Control of the Legislature is retained in the hands of the little towns, although the representation of many of them is cut one-half. How the Connecticut voters will receive the mongrel representation system adopted remains to be seen. Probably the Republican managers in the State will welcome the outcome as a relief from a threatening political situation, while the voters generally may accept the little reform offered, with the abandonment of the town-equality idea, as a vantage-ground from which to contest for more.

The opening in Berlin on April 15 of a bureau of information for Germans intending to emigrate has given rise to considerable comment on the part of those who see in this undertaking an effort to direct the stream of German emigration into South America or the Imperial colonies. This impression has been heightened by the appointment, as head of the bureau, of a gentleman who has lived many years in South America. The cost of the office is paid partly by the Government and partly by the German Colonial Society. The Berlin *Tageblatt* emphatically denies that there is the slightest desire to discriminate against the United States, and says that the bureau will advise all asking for information to go where the economic conditions are most suitable. Most of the applicants will, it believes, be largely influenced by reports from relatives or friends who have preceded them. At present the *Tageblatt* thinks that the opportunities in Brazil are somewhat better than those in the United States. It believes, however, that the average German is far more attracted by the prospect of living in an Anglo-Saxon community than in a Latin one. In Brazil and elsewhere the immigrants find themselves so little drawn to the people of the country that they are forced to build up communities for the companionship and society of their fellows. It is by no means certain that such communities are of as much service to the Fatherland as is the body of intelligent German-Americans in this country. While acquitting the German Government of the slightest desire to work against the United States, the *Tageblatt* thinks that, instead of striving to make emigration easier, it should find out the causes which drive Germans away, and seek to remedy them by proper industrial and agricultural programmes and laws.

An article in *Blackwood's Magazine* upon the British irregulars enlisted in Cape Colony at the close of 1900 reveals one reason why the Boer opposition to the English has been so bitter and unyielding. Believing that the war was over, hundreds of men, all of them belonging to the much-abused Outlander class, about which Mr. Chamberlain and his party felt so keenly, emerged from their places of refuge in the hope of free transportation to the gold fields. "A mass of degraded manhood," "Greek, Armenian, Russian, Scandinavian, Levantine, Pole, and Jew"; "jail-bird, pickpocket, thief, drunkard, and loafer"—these were the men, it seems, who formed the irregular corps which swept through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, burning farms, destroying supplies, and carrying out the policy of reconcentration, while "sullying beyond recognition," by associating with them, "old, honored, and existing regiments." Even so pro-British a military paper as *Broad Arrow* admits that "this scum of humanity under British enlistment gave new life to our enemy," who saw in these English recruits men to whom "surrender brought no qualm or disgrace, being possessed of no faculty sensible to shame." These were the men whom England went to war for, and asked to aid her in taking their country away from the Boers.

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CAPTAIN MAHAN ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

In the current *International Review* Captain Mahan calls attention to the fact, full of interest, as he says, for all Americans, that Great Britain has passed, within the last twenty years, through two crises—that of Home Rule and that of the South African war; both of which he regards as mile-stones on the road to Imperial Federation. It might, perhaps, be questioned whether either crisis is at an end. The Irish question seems as angry as ever: the hundred and first coercion act is just going into operation; and the King, while he crushes the two commonwealths in South Africa, is afraid to set foot in a portion of his own realm. If South Africa is conquered, it is not settled or reconciled, or likely to be settled or reconciled, for many a day. But, waiving this, what have the two crises in common? Great Britain and Ireland are by nature linked together. Great Britain and South Africa are by nature placed wide apart. The same men have upheld the union with Ireland and opposed the South African war. Cecil Rhodes subscribed to Home Rule. The war was sure to rekindle Irish feeling against England; but any other quarrel into which England had got would have done the same.

Captain Mahan sees an analogy between the formation of the American Union and that of the British Empire, both being, as he thinks, brought about by constraining circumstances. The American colonies, he says, began their attempt under the difficulty of mutual alienation. The American colonies, however, were homogeneous in every respect except slavery, which at that time was of secondary importance. Territorially, they were in a ring fence; they were drawn to each other by the most imperative interest, and prepared for political union by confederation in a war for independence. What is there answering to this in the case of the heterogeneous and scattered members of the British Empire? Of what is this empire, the union and future confederation of which are supposed to be the manifest dictate of nature and destiny, composed? It is composed of the thirty-seven millions of people of Great Britain, whose union is complete, saving the semi-nationality of Wales and the strong provincialism of Scotland; the Canadian confederation, partly French, on one side of the globe, and the Australian confederation and New Zealand on the other; South Africa, now wrecked and disaffected; a group of extinct slave plantations in the West Indies, inhabited by two races utterly alien and sometimes bitterly hostile to each other; a provisional protectorate in Egypt; dominion over savage tribes in South Africa; some scattered fortresses; and three hundred millions of Hindu bondsmen, unassimilable aliens, who constitute about five-sixths of the whole population of the Empire. What common law, aspiration, or destiny, what common mission, divine, mystical, or diabolical, can be supposed to pervade, animate, and move such a miscellany as this? Australia is actually passing exclusion laws against the three hundred and odd millions of the black and brown subjects of the Crown. Apparently she intends to exclude them even from her mercantile marine. Dubbing the King an "emperor," which there is just now a passion for doing, will not produce unity where there is none; though it may have a sinister influence on the constitutional character of the British Crown.

Has there, in the thirty years during which Imperial Federation has been preached, been any visible advance towards its realization? The movement has been rather the other way. The jurisdiction of the imperial court of appeal, the Privy Council, which was about the only real vestige of the once imperial authority, has been curtailed by Canada and still more by the Australian confederacy. Australian federation, instead of being a step towards the union of the Empire, is a step towards more complete independence, and is avowedly regarded in that light. The South African war has called forth in the British population in the colonies a gush of British sentiment, largely mingled, however, with bellicose excitement and the love of military adventure. But when the Colonial Secretary invites the Canadian and Australian Premiers to a conference on military and commercial relations, the Canadian Premier answers that he is at liberty to confer on commercial relations alone, while the Australian Premier flatly declines military amalgamation, saying that Australia will provide for her own defence. Lord Salisbury is accordingly awakened to recommend caution and delay.

Captain Mahan admits that Imperial Federation cannot be worked without an organization of some kind. But what the organization is to be he deems it over-curious to inquire. Yet the inquiry is surely needful if the scheme is to get beyond vaporing and a practical effort for its realization is to be made. Where is the supreme power to reside? How are its decrees and requisitions to be enforced? Who is to have the direction of the foreign policy? What is to be done with the three hundred millions of Hindus? How are communities at opposite sides of the globe, knowing hardly anything of each other, to be brought to think and act in common? The fact is, that if you mean to have an empire, you must have an emperor.

"Imperialism," says Captain Mahan, "the extension of national authority over alien communities, is a dominant note in the world-politics of the day." In certain quarters it unquestionably is. There are people who, having discarded the morality of the past, and taken to obeying the indications of "the stars in their courses," are bent upon "imposing peace" upon the whole world, and, if they are Britons, upon "painting the world red." But this is a different thing from a spontaneous confederation, and its first practical applications have aroused very serious resistance.

> "Upon us has devolved, by an inevitable sequence of causes, responsibility to our conscience for an assemblage of peoples in moral and political childhood; and responsibility, further, to the world at large, and to history—the supreme earthly judge of men's actions—for our course in the emergency thrust upon us. As such, the United States has accepted the burden. Its duties are not to be discharged by throwing them overboard, or by wrapping our political talent in a napkin for our own national security and ease."

So the pious McKinley was always telling us, and, were he alive, would be telling us now, probably with increased unction, in face of the "water-cure" and the edict of extermination. But think of an honest tar like Captain Mahan talking such flummery! The other day the Boers were told that they must not call it war to the bitter end, but war to the sweet end; such luscious blessings were in store for such of them as might be left alive. Is not this enough to sicken Tartuffe?

The crisis in South Africa, by the way, can hardly be said to have strongly confirmed Captain Mahan's famous theory about the ascendancy of sea-power. A pair of parochial commonwealths, without a cock-boat on the sea, have for two years and a half withstood the entire force of the greatest sea-power that the world has ever seen. We do not venture to criticise Captain Mahan's theory from a professional point of view; but when it is viewed historically, its foundation appears narrow. Which of the great empires in ancient or modern history has been especially a sea-power? Can this be said of the great Eastern empires, Assyrian, Median, or Persian, of the Empire of Alexander, of the Roman Empire, of the Empire of Charlemagne, of the Saracenic Empire, of the Turkish Empire, of the Spanish Empire, of the Austrian Empire, of the Russian Empire, of the Empire of Napoleon? The great sea-power of antiquity was the Carthaginian, which succumbed to the land-power of Rome. The power of Venice was confined to the sea or to commercial factories, and was killed by a change in the line of trade. Great Britain is an island realm singularly happy in commercial position. Naturally she became a great naval power. But her dominion has been limited to the sea. When, in the great French war, she had destroyed the other navies (which, it must be remembered, had been disorganized by the Revolution), she was herself secure from invasion, and was enabled to pick off the outlying depen-

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dencies of the enemy; but in the great struggle on the Continent she was powerless, or could do nothing but subsidize, till a footing on land was given her by the insurrection in Spain. In the struggle with Louis XIV. the fleet, though it gained a victory at La Hogue, played a very secondary part. The chief part was played by land armaments, to which Great Britain sent contingents under William III. and Marlborough. The naval preëminence of Great Britain, with its sources and effects, was already a pretty familiar fact. Is not this the principal basis of Captain Mahan's famous revelation?

LIGHT ON THE COAL STRIKE.

In the general confusion and ignorance about the causes and the merits of the coal strike, an article in the *Yale Review* for May comes as a real illumination. It is a survey of "The Anthracite Coal Situation" as it stood on May 1, and is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Roberts of Scranton, Pa. We find in it, what we have seen nowhere else, a quiet and impartial account of the status of the whole controversy between miners and operators, with an intelligible statement of what the grievances of the miners really are, together with much light on the nature of employment in the mines, as on the peculiar constitution and the motives and ambitions of the United Mine Workers. All told, this short article is a light in a dark place.

To begin with the complaints of the miners, Dr. Roberts makes it clear why there was such a diversity of view in the convention that voted the strike, and why the sentiment of the northern coal-miners was so much more violent than that of the southern and middle fields. In the latter region, where the Reading Coal and Iron Company is supreme, there are practically no grievances, except against a few individual operators, and the men did not want to strike. The delegates from the Schuylkill districts were the conservative and moderating element in the April convention at Shamokin, as well as in the recent one at Hazleton. Yet at both they declared that if the grievances of the workers in the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys were not redressed, they would join them in a strike, so as to present a united front for the whole Miners' Union. What, then, are the complaints of the miners in the northern coal fields? In a word, breach of faith on the part of the operators. They have not, so the miners assert, lived up to the terms of settlement of 1900. "The managers then promised that contract prices and allowances which had been reduced should be restored, that excessive dockage should no longer prevail, and that all reasonable grievances should be locally adjusted. This," the miners declare, "has not been done."

These local grounds for strike in the First District do not, of course, tell the whole story. They account for the greater intensity of feeling among the northern delegates, but do not cover the case. There are demands for new privileges as well as for redress of old grievances. The weighing of coal is insisted upon, with the ton reckoned at 2,240 pounds, instead of 2,700. A return to the old custom of loading coal even with the top of the car is also demanded, with the abolition of the eighteen inches of "topping" now required by the foremen. There are also details about uniform wages for working the same veins, uniform rates for contract work throughout each district, and uniform allowances for timber and water —that is, where a miner has to timber his own chamber or bail water. Finally, there is the demand for an eight-hour day, at present wages.

This last relates only to mine laborers, and thereby hangs a curious tale of the organization of the Union. It is really composed of conflicting elements—the boss miners and the laborers. The former pay the latter, so that when the laborers strike for higher wages, they are really striking against brothers in their own Union. The miners, for their part, dexterously shift the strike over to the operators. What they say is, in effect, "Grant us higher wages, and we will increase the pay of the laborers." Dr. Roberts reports other grievances of the laborers which are valid, not against the companies, but against the miners. Most of the laborers are foreigners, principally Slavs; the miners are Anglo-Saxon. Under the mining laws, after a laborer has worked two years he is entitled to a miner's certificate, and to be assigned a chamber of his own. But a vacancy must exist, and the boss miners see to it that one seldom occurs. The laborers discover that most of them will be kept laborers for ever. This makes them bitter against the miners, and they have often threatened an independent organization. Another grievance of theirs is the violation of the State mining law, which forbids miners to leave the laborers alone in charge of the chamber. This is habitually done in the northern field, where "the major part of the miners are home at noon," with their $3 earned, while the laborers work on for ten hours for $1.75. Thus it is clear that a large part of the trouble is what may be called internal to the Union. This is made up of two classes whose interests clash, and to adjust these the operators are called upon to pay higher wages.

Dr. Roberts also makes it evident that a strike now and then is almost the vital breath of the Union, as now constituted and led. We quote a significant passage:

> "The leaders of the miners' organization are kept busy devising means whereby the interest of the members in the Union may be maintained. Indifference, jealousy, and dissension are constantly invading its ranks. During the last year, when the industry was to a great extent peacefully conducted, the interest flagged. About 20 per cent. of the men neglected to pay their dues, and another 20 per cent. perfunctorily paid their money, and took no interest in the organization. When the last convention was called, and the rumors of conflict filled the air, the delinquents soon fell into line. The Union is only interesting to a large number of its members when a conflict is impending."

Evidence is adduced also of the inability of the Union to control its members, even when it is "recognized." They are a restless set. To keep them in line, 140,000 strong, and with all their diversity of race and of interest, seems impossible to any leader. Mr. Mitchell was asked by the president of one of the coal roads, "Are you able to hold your men in hand?" "Yes," he replied confidently. "But," said the other, "they had 123 strikes last year." This was true, says Dr. Roberts. In spite of the agreement of 1900, accepted by the Union, there were in 1901 no less than 123 strikes in the 450 mines operated—that is, one in every fourth colliery. And in nearly every case these local strikes were the result of utterly unreasonable demands made upon the employers. No wonder that the companies are shy of putting themselves in the hands of such a slippery labor organization.

Any one who will read attentively this informing article in the *Yale Review* cannot fail, we think, to conclude that this half-hearted strike was founded on about one part of real grievance to nine parts of an emergency within the Miners' Union. It was a case of strike or disruption. The discontent was more within the labor organization, and on the part of one of its classes against the other, than in the conditions of the mining industry as a whole. President Mitchell apparently did not want a strike, but was the victim of the unruly Union behind him, and of his own promises, made in undue reliance upon political pressure and the intervention of the Civic Federation. The inference is unavoidable that the strike should never have been declared, and should now be promptly settled on the best terms attainable, or "called off" in confession of mistake and failure.

THE REAL TAMMANY.

Mr. Lewis Nixon's selection as leader of Tammany Hall always seemed to us as absurd as the appointment of a New England deacon to the command of a pirate ship. Yet, with his ideas of naval discipline, he seemed to think that a good man on the quarterdeck would speedily reform the cutthroats in the forecastle. He ostentatiously hauled down the black flag. He made the crew throw away their cutlasses, and piped them regularly aft to prayers. They entered heartily for a time into the spirit of the joke—one of the best of their late captain's, Deadeye Dick, they thought it

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—spruced themselves up, left off their grog, plotted their piracies and murders only between-decks, and undertook to be in public as sweet and submissive as a Pirate of Penzance. But this could not last. The free life of the buccaneer on the bounding wave, watching for his prey, soon reasserted its power over them, and they promptly notified their reforming commander that the little farce of his nominal leadership was over.

This is the real significance of Mr. Nixon's indignant retirement from the headship of Tammany. He has at last discovered, what he should have known from the first, that light hath no fellowship with darkness, and that an honest man, bent on good municipal government, is as much out of place among existing Tammany sachems and district leaders as a Sunday-school superintendent would be in the councils of Beelzebub. The whole thing was a fraud and imposture from the beginning. We do not say that Mr. Nixon was a party to the attempt to deceive the public. His character he has saved at the expense of his intelligence. He vowed from the first that he would not be a mere figurehead, though every one knew he was just that; and when even he found out that both Croker and the other Tammany magnates had been playing false with him all along, he did the only thing left for an honest man to do—openly said that an effort had been made to cheat and trick him, and that he would have no more to do with an obvious imposition.

The result is of the highest public utility. It leaves Tammany once more unmasked. We see it as it is. All the hypocritical pretences of change of heart and change of method are swept away. Mr. Nixon has, in fact, been of signal service to the city. It took just his peculiar combination of qualities to make the demonstration which he has now afforded us—namely, the complete demolition of the one-good-man theory. The wayfaring man can now perceive that a den of thieves remains a den of thieves even if presided over by a saint. Mr. Nixon seemed as if designed by a kind fate for the very work he has now performed. Even Croker's sagacity would have had to search long before finding another tool so perfectly fitted to his hand. Mr. Nixon was solemnly in earnest. He really seems to have thought that Tammany could be reformed, as the Duke of Wellington imagined England could be governed, by word of command. He had honesty and ability enough to admit that reform was necessary, but his perceptions were so dull, or his experience so slight, that he did not see how impossible it was for Tammany to commit suicide—for a self-reformed Tammany is necessarily a self-killed Tammany. His public utterances about his plans and purposes were, in truth, so exquisitely grotesque that his good character was established by his bad reasoning. As Curran said of an opponent, he could not argue so foolishly if his intentions had not been excellent, and the more he showed that his head was disconcerted, the more he convinced you that his heart was sincere.

Well, it is all over now, and a great moral lesson has once more been set the city. No one, we beg leave to say, ought to take it more to heart than Mr. Edward M. Shepard. In Mr. Nixon's fate he may see, in little, what his own great catastrophe would have been had he succeeded as Tammany candidate for Mayor. It is transparently clear now that, in choosing Mr. Shepard as a nominee, Croker was trying to hoodwink the voters of this city just as he tried to delude them later by the preposterous choice of Mr. Nixon as his own successor in an office which he had never really abdicated. He intended, and he almost openly plotted, to retain the real control of the mayoralty, if Mr. Shepard should be elected to it, as truly as it is now confessed even by Mr. Nixon that he meant to keep his powerful hand on Tammany Hall though another man was nominally in his seat. We never doubted Mr. Shepard's pure purpose. But what does he think now of those suspicions of the "sincerity" of the Tammany professions of reform, which he said in his canvass, and afterwards in his *Atlantic* review of the election, did so much discredit to those who entertained them? We maintain that the Nixon episode is a complete vindication for those personal friends of Mr. Shepard who would not accept even him at the hands of Tammany. There was no real thought of reform within the Wigwam. It put forward a splendid decoy, but what it meant to do with power, once got under false pretences, all can now see. With a Board of Estimate packed against Mr. Shepard, in the event of his success, his best exertions would have been in vain, and he would have been as openly shorn of real power, and as publicly humiliated, as Mr. Nixon has been, without that gentleman's resource of a wrathful flinging back in Tammany's face of a fraudulent commission.

The whole incident is most enlightening. We shall not again easily give credence to those who would persuade us that Tammany may rise above its source. Based on a theory of cohesion in plunder, it can know no community of interest except that of despoiling the community. Politics is only applied human nature. Given the character of the men who constitute a political organization, and you can tell what the character of the organization will be. A ruffian is a ruffian still, even if he has enriched himself through Tammany and poses as a political leader. Mr. Nixon has bitten this truth into the public mind most usefully. The immediate future of Tammany Hall does not deeply concern us. Whether Croker will be compelled to return to fight for his life; whether the anti-Croker revolt will prevail, we do not know, and we do not greatly care. The important thing is to have the mask of decency fall from the sleepless enemy of the city, at this stage of a reform Administration. One effect must be to multiply the number of those who will hold up Mayor Low's hands. Another will be to increase the tribe of those who are convinced that Tammany Hall, as it exists to-day, is past praying for politically, and that the only part of the liturgy applicable to it is "the compendious forms of the Commination Service."

THE STUDY OF ART IN THE UNIVERSITY.

Columbia University makes a significant innovation in detaching the Schools of Architecture and Music, respectively, from the faculties of Applied Science and of Philosophy. This change, apparently dictated by mere convenience of administration, is really the first stage in the formation of a School of Fine Arts. The scheme appropriately originated in the School of Music, by whose director, Professor MacDowell, it was presented to the governing body. It is probably the first time in the history of American education that the study of art has had full recognition from a university; and while Columbia has at present, aside from the Schools of Architecture and Music, chiefly good intentions and high ambitions to offer, those who believe that art is a proper subject of university study will at once welcome this hopeful beginning, and watch with keenest interest the further development of the scheme.

The statement that Columbia occupies the position of pioneer in this matter will doubtless provoke dissent. Many will say that Yale has a special Art School; that Harvard and Princeton, among others, have long offered excellent courses in the history of the fine arts; that the women's colleges particularly have always given art a prominent place in their curricula. But the aim of nearly all these courses has been collegiate or practical. A college may have especial facilities for teaching painters and sculptors—Yale has—just as it may have in its gymnasium especial provision for producing swordsmen; but either is quite aside from collegiate study, properly so called. A college may have general informatory courses to stimulate an interest in the fine arts, as it has similar courses in science and literature, but this again is something quite different from a university department of art. If the report of the Columbia Committee on Education and the recent action of the trustees meant nothing more than this, it would deserve only passing comment, but we assume

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that the University intends, as soon as may be, to give to its School of the Fine Arts the general relation to its scheme of studies which instruction in the fine arts holds, for example, in the University of Berlin or the schools of Paris.

As the object of all university instruction is research, and as its methods are historical or experimental, it must be assumed that Columbia University wishes to produce primarily, not artists, but competent historians and critics of the arts. Professor MacDowell of the Music School does something more than produce pianists: he trains his students in the theory and history of music. So, too, the School of Architecture, when it takes its place in the new department, must do more than train practising architects; it must provide for those who wish to learn everything that is known about the history and theory of that subject, as well as its relations to general æsthetics.

Of course, study of this kind requires great collections of materials. On the experimental side, indeed, it is best conducted in the museums. When the French Government decided to train students in that concrete knowledge of objects of art which we call connoisseurship, it set up its school in its greatest gallery, the Louvre, from the curators of which it largely drew its teaching force. Unluckily, neither the organization nor the personnel of our American museums permits of that solution; but Columbia University is fortunate in being in intimate relations with the Metropolitan Museum, which must be its great storehouse of examples. For years Columbia has maintained admirable public lectures at that institution—a mutually helpful relation, which is susceptible of further development. A university school of art must have comprehensive collections of photographic and other reproductions illustrating art history. Here Columbia is already the fortunate custodian of the Avery Architectural Library, which may readily be extended to cover the entire field of the arts. The inevitable disadvantage of such a school is its distance from the great originals. This difficulty, however, may be measurably surmounted by a system of fellowships, which will permit the best students to attend the Continental schools, especially the American schools in Athens, Rome, and Paris.

How serious the undertaking is, and how different from the mere talk about the Correggiosity of Correggio, which is often—and properly, perhaps—the staple of the popular lecture, has been already indicated. But in emphasizing the difference between the ideals of university education in art history and theory, and those—quite as legitimate in their way—of collegiate and popular instruction, we have not meant to imply that these ideals are in any way incompatible. The training of connoisseurs and art historians should do much to disseminate information and promote taste throughout the land. Such critics are the very ones who in the intervals of their severer studies should find time to show the relation of art appreciation to culture and the genuine pleasures of life. If the Columbia School of Fine Arts only undertook to produce specialists, it would still require no apology; for this country is now in the position of acquiring art treasures, with few to interpret them, of founding great museums without competent curators to direct them. We need intermediaries between ourselves and the increasing store of masterpieces which we hardly have the time or the knowledge to enjoy.

Columbia has ever exalted her civic office, and there need be no fear that the new school will turn out unserviceable pedants. Its students should supply us with better professors for the colleges, better critics for the press, better curators for the museums, better writers and lecturers for the people. It should do much to lend a grace to our too material civilization. It is precisely because the interest of this educational innovation transcends merely academic considerations that we welcome it and bespeak for it the most generous support.

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

The brief autobiographic sketch contributed fifteen years ago to the 'Cyclopædia of American Biography' needs little extension to cover the salient incidents in the life of Mr. Godkin, who passed away on May 20 in Brixham, South Devonshire, England.

"He was born in Moyne, County Wicklow, Ireland, October 2, 1831. His father, [Rev.] James, wrote a 'Religious History of Ireland' (1873). The son was educated at a grammar-school near Wakefield, England, and at Queen's College, Belfast, where he was graduated in 1851. He was a correspondent of the London *Daily News* in Turkey and Russia during the Crimean war, 1854-'6. In the autumn of 1856 he came to the United States, and in the ensuing winter made a journey on horseback through the Southern States, a record of which appeared in letters to the *News*. He studied law under David Dudley Field in New York city, was admitted to the bar in 1859, practised for a few years, and then went to Europe, owing to impaired health. He returned to New York at the close of 1862, and was a correspondent of the *News* and an editorial writer for the New York *Times* until July, 1865, when he established and became editor of the *Nation*, which in 1866 passed into the hands of Mr. Godkin and two other gentlemen [James Miller McKim and Frederick Law Olmsted] as proprietors. In 1881, the *Nation* was made the weekly issue of the *Evening Post*, and Mr. Godkin became one of the editors and proprietors of the joint publication. He is the author of a 'History of Hungary, A. D. 300-1850' (London, 1856), and of the work on 'Government' in the 'American Science Series' (New York, 1871)."

In his 'Random Recollections,' published in the *Evening Post* of December 30, 1899, he might have told of the honor of the degree of M.A. conferred by Harvard University in 1871; of D.C.L. by Oxford in 1897. It is necessary to add to his published writings 'Reflections and Comments,' a selection from his articles in the *Nation;* 'Problems of Modern Democracy,' from contributions to the magazines; and 'Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy,' *Atlantic* papers. Mr. Godkin was twice married. His wife and a son survive him.

A great journalist has departed. His name, absolutely unknown to the American public in 1865, blazed up instantly upon the appearance of the *Nation*, at a moment when Bennett and Bryant, Greeley and Raymond were approaching the end of their careers, leaving no successors. He was not a great editor in the sense of being an organizer or manager. The *Nation* was avowedly patterned after the London *Spectator;* the *Evening Post* was already in its ninth decade when Mr. Godkin joined Messrs. Carl Schurz and Horace White in assuming editorial direction of it. He had, strictly speaking, no business instinct, no faculty for details, nor any liking for the task of coördinating the departments of a daily newspaper. He was *par excellence* a leader-writer, with an astonishing productiveness, and a freshness in handling old themes which won even the hardened proof-reader's admiration. The prospectus of the *Nation* laid stress upon the advantages of a weekly over a daily newspaper in respect of leisure for ascertainment of the facts and deliberation in comment; and the argument was as incontrovertible in 1881, when Mr. Godkin became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, as it was in 1865. The change might not have come about had the *Nation* prospered so as to warrant an enlargement of its staff. The strain of writing from three to five pages for it weekly was felt at last to be too severe as well as too unremunerative, in view of the scrutiny to which Mr. Godkin was subjected while all but single-handed.

Apart from the resultant greater conspicuity, the merging of the weekly editor in the daily was not a promotion, for the *Nation* had already placed him in the front rank of American journalists even during the lifetime of the veterans we have mentioned. It was a familiar flattery to have his articles made over at a safe interval in a metropolitan daily; and in the country at large the practice was still more common. The *Nation* was eagerly read in every newspaper office of importance, and its ideas filtered down without acknowledgment through a thousand channels. On the other hand, in his new position, Mr. Godkin became inevitably a greater target for censure and abuse; the more because a New York daily must needs come to closer quarters with local corruption and misrule, and its editor be more exposed to pay with his person for incurring the wrath of organized iniquity. This Mr. Godkin did in his memorable campaign against Tammany.

Few journalists have labored less whose writing was of as high a quality as Mr. Godkin's. His pen was fluent and ready, but his diction never careless; rather it bore at all times the marks of training and culture of a high order. While able to develop a subject at any length, he had extraordinary aptitude for paragraph writing; his touch in either case was always light, his matter always pithy. His expression was very direct, vigorous, and trenchant; and he had

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an exceptional gift for descriptive narration. His style, indeed, was adequate for every use to which he applied it, and passed without effort from the journalistic to the literary vein, treating nothing that it did not adorn. Such adaptability is seldom encountered, and perhaps the nearest parallel to his is to be found in the writings of Harriet Martineau, long an editorial contributor to the *Daily News*. Mr. Godkin's humor, which

"was ever
Lance and sword to him, and buckler and helmet,"

perplexed the simple-minded, while it enraged his enemies. Its droll visualizing quality lightened every page that he wrote for the *Nation*. On this side he has never been surpassed, if approached, and the effectiveness of his humor as a political weapon consisted in the freedom with which he directed it against the objects of a sham popular and partisan reverence. He owed this freedom, undeniably, to the foreign birth with which he was constantly reproached; but it was his humor which first pierced the glamour and enabled him to see men and policies in a dry light. Biting as it might be, it was never cynical. His conversation was naturally playful and seasoned with a hearty laughter, and his daily companionship most delightful.

As no American could have written Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' or Goldwin Smith's 'History of the United States,' so it may be doubted if any native of this country could have erected the standard of political independence which Mr. Godkin set up in the *Nation* and maintained in the *Evening Post*. He did this, however, not as a foreigner, but as an American to the core. A utilitarian of the school of Bentham, an economist of the school of John Stuart Mill, an English Liberal to whom America, with all its flagrant inconsistency of slaveholding, was still the hope of universal democracy, he cast in his lot with us, became a naturalized citizen, took an American wife—gave every pledge to the land of his adoption except that of being a servile follower of party. He brought to his high calling sound principles of finance, with which he fought the good fight of honest money, specie payments, and currency reform; of political economy, with which he combated protection and its attendant corruption; of popular government, which stood by him in the removal of the Reconstruction scandal; of office as a public trust, which made his journal the most potent medium for the promotion of civil-service reform and the exposure of machine and boss government. Nowhere is there such a body of useful doctrine for serious-minded youth seeking to fit themselves to be "perfect citizens" (as was said of the late John M. Forbes) as the files of the *Nation* contain during Mr. Godkin's thirty-five years' connection with it. Nowhere can the historically-minded man more profitably turn for light upon our latter-day decadence.

Many volumes of speeches are compiled, but few are read long after their publication, and the same oblivion more certainly overtakes the political editor's monument. His contention is for the hour; his triumph is in his shaping of passing events. Those, however, whom curiosity or study leads to examine the writings of Mr. Godkin, will find them distinguished by a philosophic cast not unknown to American oratory before the war, but so ominously wanting in the legislative debates of the past two decades. It may be that Mr. Godkin will be currently quoted hereafter no more than Greeley, but not for the same reason. His text abounds in broad general sentiments and reflections such as find corroboration wherever "history repeats itself," and which in fact have in them the essence of prophecy. The number of fortunate predictions, both generic and specific, was truly notable in Mr. Godkin's case.

His judgment, as was proper in one whose function was criticism, was as rare a faculty as any that he possessed. Applied to public characters, it was almost unerring; and to measures, seldom at fault. To say that it was wholly unaffected by the heat of controversy, or was free from occasional excess or unfairness, would be an unnatural claim. But time itself has already approved the more significant estimates placed by him upon the men of his day; and where the legend is more lenient, it will be found that the popular memory is defective. The application of his judgment to causes was, it is needless to remark, purely ethical, and divorced from considerations of the winning or the losing side. *Sed victa Catoni* was honor enough for him. Yet when one enumerates all the crazes past, all the dangers averted, and all the advances won in the struggle for good government on this continent, Mr. Godkin's mental balance is clearly apparent to those who remember his attitude towards each. And if we extend our consideration to foreign affairs, we can but admire his treatment of them in former years, when he followed them more closely and "saw what he foresaw." In this department his superiority was preëminent. In domestic affairs his judgment reposed on faith in the American character and in the ultimate sanity of democracy. If it was often disappointed, it was often gloriously vindicated.

There was occasion enough for melancholy in retrospect. Specific reforms with a definite aim in view attainable by legislation may reach a happy conclusion. Such was the fate of the anti-slavery agitation, and those who began it lived to see the fruit thereof. Their active labors lasted, including the civil war, but thirty-five years—little more than a generation. For precisely the same term Mr. Godkin strove—above all—to create a spirit of independence of party and to abolish the spoils system of government. The task was more difficult than the destruction of slavery. He witnessed a beginning of civil-service reform in the national domain and in one or two States; yet witnessed a ceaseless attack upon it in all, an evasion of it where possible, a betrayal of it by a President committed to the support of it—amid the general apathy of the people at large. He saw, at the Presidential election of 1896, party ascendency secured by pledges, made to be broken, which for the moment confounded party lines. He saw the Democratic party manifest at one time a miraculous power of self-regeneration, only to sink back into the deepest of its abysses; the Republican party all the while stolidly implacable towards its come-outers for conscience' sake. Worse yet, he saw public men of both parties involved in a repudiation of the fundamental maxims of our republican experiment, and the conversion of a self-contained, peaceful, industrious democracy into an earth-hungry belligerent, seeking points of hostile contact with the most warlike monarchies.

"He grew old in an age he condemned,
Felt the dissolving throes
Of a social order he loved,
And, like the Theban seer,
Died in his enemies' day."

It testifies to the fibre of a moralist whom the infirmity of age was consciously drawing from the scene, that he was neither soured nor dejected by such a prospect. It was in Mr. Godkin's mind to strive to the end. His formal retirement, however, from the *Evening Post* was none too soon for his failing strength of body. Though he recovered, beyond all expectations, from an apoplectic stroke incurred on February 4, 1900, and continued to write at intervals for this journal during another twelvemonth, he could not complete the revision of his *Reminiscences*, for which many publishers had besought him, and we shall never have his own summing up of his life-work—wherein it satisfied him to remember, where haply it fell short in method, manner, or temper, what title it gave him to good fame and lasting human gratitude. Some who first heard his trumpet-call and have had their spiritual natures determined by his lofty and disinterested teaching—call it preaching, if you will, and his press a religious press—have recently publicly confessed their indebtedness. More will be moved to do so now; and more still, alas!—a multitude—will never know what benefaction they have received from his hand, who moulded for good the generation from which they sprung.

CARMONTELLE'S PORTRAITS.

PARIS, May 7, 1902.

A new volume has been added to the magnificent catalogue of the works of art of the Musée Condé at Chantilly. The two first volumes contained a full description, with many admirable photo-engravings, of the pictures of Chantilly; the third volume was entirely filled with reproductions and descriptions of the famous "Horæ" of the Duke de Berry. M. Gruyer, the curator of the artistic department of the Chantilly collections, now gives a sequel to his great work in a volume entirely dedicated to the portraits of Carmontelle.

Carmontelle's name is not much known out of France, or even in France beyond a small circle of amateurs. M. Gruyer's volume opens with a very interesting biography of this portrait-painter. Carmontelle did not begin life as a painter; he had literary pretensions. He composed, under the name of "Proverbes," society plays which generally ended with a proverb. Grimm says of him in his correspondence: "Our friend Carmontelle furnishes plays as a pastry-cook furnishes cakes; the moral character of a proverb furnishes a theme for theatrical action which is represented at once as an impromptu. It is for the spectator to find the proverb at the end of the play." Madame de Genlis took the trouble to write a notice of the 'Proverbes' on their publication in three volumes.

Carmontelle was the manager of his own little plays, designed the costumes, made the decorations. He was thus led to make rapid portraits of the actors, and nature had given him an extraordinary faculty of obtaining a perfect likeness. He had

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not the education of an artist; he rarely paints his actors otherwise than in profile, but his profiles have the undeniable character of life. His color (he painted in water-color) is extremely agreeable, and his portraits are real historical documents. Grimm wrote, on the 1st of May, 1763, in a letter:

"M. de Carmontelle has for several years made a series of portraits in water-color. He has a singular talent for catching the air, the attitude, the character of a face. It happens to me every day to recognize in the world people whom I have seen only in these collections. These portraits he makes in a couple of hours with surprising rapidity. Carmontelle has thus succeeded in taking the portraits of all the ladies in Paris, with their consent. His collections, which he increases every day, give also an idea of the variety of conditions of men and women of all ranks, from the Dauphin to the *frotteur* of Saint-Cloud.

M. de Carmontelle was born on the 15th of August, 1717. His real name was Louis Carrogis. His father was a shoemaker. We know nothing of his education or of his early years. He was thirty-nine years old at the beginning of the Seven Years' War; and M. de Pons-Saint-Maurice, the governor of the Duke de Chartres, who was in command of the regiment of Orléans Dragoons, took him with him to Westphalia. There is in the library at Chantilly a manuscript, written by a certain Chevalier de Lédans, in which we may read: "Carmontelle's whole military merit consisted in drawing plans with the greatest perfection, in carving very dexterously his general's fowl, and in making caricatures of all the *dragonaille* of the army." After the war, thanks to the protection of M. de Pons, he was admitted into the household of the Duke d'Orléans (the grandfather of King Louis-Philippe), as reader to the Duke de Chartres. "This function," says Madame de Genlis, "though honorable, was rather inferior, as it did not give him the right to take his meals with the princes, even in the country; but M. Carmontelle was soon particularly noticed, not only by the Prince, but by all the amiable and clever people who used to go to Villers-Cotterets [countryplace of the Orléans family]. He had much information, much reserve without embarrassment, an amiable gayety." Carmontelle amused the society at Villers-Cotterets with his "Proverbes." He was an excellent actor. He was allowed every evening to join the general circle, and to take ices with the Prince and the members of his court. He made portraits of all the visitors, and often gave them copies, but kept the originals for his own collection.

The Duke d'Orléans, whom he served for twenty-five years, died in 1785, but he remained in the service of the Duke de Chartres, who became Duke d'Orléans in his turn. The history of the new Duke is well known; he threw himself into the Revolutionary movement and became Philippe-Égalité, but could not avoid the guillotine. Carmontelle was ignored during the Revolutionary crisis. He had no enemies; he was allowed to end his life in obscurity, and he died in Paris on the 26th of December, 1806, at the age of eighty-nine. After his death, there was a sale of his pictures. We read in the catalogue of this sale: "There is an interesting item in M. de Carmontelle's productions, namely, his collection of 750 princes and seigneurs, princesses and titled ladies, ministers, soldiers, lawyers, ecclesiastics, scientific men, and illustrious personages of the reign of Louis XV., colored *à la gouache* from nature, on a scale of eight by nine inches." The Government did not buy this collection, and it was bought by the Chevalier Richard de Lédans, a retired officer, who had been a friend of Carmontelle and of many of the personages of the collection. He had to borrow money for his purchase. He hoped to sell the whole collection to Talleyrand, but his offers were refused, and he was obliged to sell the collection piecemeal to various families. After this amputation, there remained in his hands 635 portraits, which he classified in thirteen parts.

The Chevalier de Lédans died in 1816. At his sale, all these portraits were bought by M. de la Mésangère. La Mésangère, born at Baugé on the 23d of June, 1741, was ordained a priest, and became a professor of literature at La Flèche. In 1799 he became the editor of the *Journal des Dames et des Modes*. This journal had many colored illustrations, and is still valued on their account by bibliophilists. La Mésangère took good care of Carmontelle's portraits. He had them mounted in passepartout, their present condition, and, with the aid of the notes left by Lédans, he inscribed under them the names of the various personages. La Mésangère died in Paris on the 25th of February, 1831. Number 304 of the catalogue of his sale bears this mention: "A collection consisting of five hundred and twenty portraits drawn and colored by Carmontelle. They represent all the family of the ancient house of Orléans, the persons attached to that house, the gentlemen of that time, etc." They were bought in by the Duff-Gordon Duffs, and were kept in their family. They left Scotland in 1877 for Chantilly. The Duke d'Aumale bought them from Major Lachlan Duff-Gordon Duff of Drummuir, Keith, for the sum of £4,500, through Colnaghi in London. The Duke d'Aumale was already in possession of a few of Carmontelle's portraits which he had bought on various occasions. He added them to those which had been so long in Scotland. The whole series, 480 in number, is now kept in ten great volumes carefully bound. M. Gruyer justly says that in these volumes the eighteenth century lives again, in its second half, "with all its elegances and with some of its trivialities."

It was not an easy task to describe this collection. M. Gruyer had to make a classification. There is, in his work, a succession of groups, forming as many chapters. First come the princes and princesses of the royal house of France; the Dauphin, son of Louis XV.; the Duke d'Orléans, the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, the Prince de Condé; Mademoiselle, sister of Louise Philippe, the first of that name; Duke d'Orléans, grandfather of King Louis-Philippe; the Duke de Penthièvre, the Princess de Lamballe, etc. Next in order come the princes and princesses of foreign sovereign houses, among whom are to be noticed the princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt, who were particular favorites of Queen Marie Antoinette. As Carmontelle belonged to the household of the Duke d'Orléans, he took most of his models from this household, not only among the gentlemen and ladies, but also among the most humble followers of the little court of the Palais-Royal, of Saint-Cloud, and of Villers-Cotterets. Among the ladies, we may cite the Countess of Polignac, the Marchioness du Crest, the handsome Madame de Séran, who was much admired by Louis XV., but whose reputation almost remained unimpeachable. Carmontelle did not forget the military friends whom he had made in the campaign in Westphalia, and we find them all in his collection, along with some distinguished men whom he knew afterwards. But the most brilliant part of the collection consists of the portraits of the great ladies of the time, some of whom had a great reputation for beauty, such as the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Countess of Egmont, the Countess of Boufflers, etc. Certain others were victims of the Revolution, and won admiration by their heroic death, such as the Duchess de Gramont, the Duchess de Lauzun, the Marchioness du Plessis-Bellièvre.

I cannot cite here the names of all the personages whose physiognomies Carmontelle preserved for us—diplomats, churchmen, philosophers, men of letters, musicians, actors and actresses, financiers. M. Gruyer has added notes to his description of the portraits which are very detailed, and give real historical value to his magnificent work.

Correspondence.

OUTLINE CATALOGUE OF EARLY PAINTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the very interesting article "A Library of Art Reproductions" (*Nation*, April 24, p. 321), I beg leave to state in your columns that I have been engaged for some time in preparing an illustrated index of ancient pictures ('Corpus Picturarum Concilio Tridentino Antiquiorum'). The first quarto volume, containing 2,000 outlines, chiefly from little-known paintings, and costing only 12 francs ($2.40), is to appear in 1903. Although possessing much available material, I should be greatly obliged for the *loan* of good photographs from ancient paintings in American museums and private collections, and would return them, duly registered, to the owners, less than three weeks after reception. Paintings later than 1550 do not fall within the scope of my present work.

Faithfully yours, SALOMON REINACH.

MUSÉE DE SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, May 6, 1902.

FOGG MUSEUM ART PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your article of April 24, entitled "A Reference Library of Art Reproductions," and the communication of your issue of May 8 on the same subject, it seems worth while to call the attention of your readers to the collection of photographs of works of art which forms, perhaps, the most important part of the equipment of the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University, inasmuch as this collection offers an opportunity for the systematic comparative study of the history and principles of art, of which the public appears not yet fully aware. It was begun in the year 1895, and was, I believe, the first extended collection brought together for this purpose. It has, moreover, served as a model for others formed since that

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time, such as the one in the Boston Public Library. There are embraced in this illustrations of works of art of all periods and of all countries, and it already numbers over 30,000 photographs, which are freely accessible, not only to students of Harvard University, but also to the general public. They are arranged in the cases according to periods and countries, with subdivisions into painting, sculpture, and architecture, and are carefully cross-catalogued according to periods, artists, places, and subjects; so that a complete series of the available photographs illustrating any phase of the development of the fine arts which a student may wish to examine, may be had at a moment's notice.

That such an opportunity exists for practically first-hand (photographs are authentic so far as they go) study of great works of art, ought, I think, to be more widely known.—Very truly yours,

ARTHUR POPE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., May 13, 1902.

MILTON'S IAMBIC TRIMETER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Mr. Bridges's book on Prosody seems to think that Milton's use of the iambic trimeter, or alexandrine without the medial cæsura, in place of the ordinary alexandrine, was an innovation or experiment. It was common enough long before Milton's time. In the first canto of the 'Faerie Queene' there are eight alexandrines like this:

"Upon his foe a dragon horrible and stearne,"

or, with the diiambus:

"That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine."

There are others where the natural pause and the diæresis disagree, as—

"The fearfulle dwarfe; 'This is no place for living men' '';

which also has the dilambic structure.

In fact, the free handling of the alexandrine goes very far back. In the 'Poema Morale' (about 1200), which consists of mixed alexandrines and fourteeners, we find such lines as

"Werse he doth his gode wines than his fiendes—
And al tho the aniwise deuel iquemde";

which are ditrochaic.

WM. HAND BROWNE.

[Our review said: "It might be conceivable that Milton wrote this kind of line unconsciously, as a spontaneous variant on the alexandrine, having hit it off by ear and repeating it from unreflecting liking for it."

Any poet writing free alexandrines (Spenser, for instance, as Dr. Browne points out) would naturally be prone so to form such a variant occasionally—likely to do so often. Many before Milton and more since have made such lines. This the reviewer assumed as obvious.

The point about Mr. Bridges's presentation of his scrutiny of Milton's verse is his apparent claim (page 39, as quoted in the review, and the word "always" page 40, line 4) that most of Milton's twelve-syllable verses are of this cast. There is much difference between writing numerous free alexandrines, many of which run into this variant, and creating twelve-syllable lines a noticeable proportion of which are apparent accentual iambic trimeters. Mr. Bridges seems to imply that he has found something like this in Milton.

To settle this matter it would be necessary to scan each of Milton's twelve-syllable lines and ascertain in what proportion of all are those of the iambic-trimeter form; to make a similar study of the alexandrines of a long series of English poets, from early times to the present; and to compare the average proportion with that found for Milton. Without making such an investigation, and accepting Mr. Bridges's statements as they stand, it seems to us not unlikely that Milton may have been more influenced by his classical studies than by English tradition.—ED. NATION.]

A BRITISH ACADEMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A reference to an early "British Academy" is to be found in a letter from John Evelyn to Sir Peter Wyche, written in 1665. In that year, Wyche, whose diversified talents had won him a reputation as diplomat, geographical writer, and linguist, was appointed, by the Royal Society, chairman of a committee to consider the improvement of the English tongue, and on this occasion Evelyn addressed him, at some length and, we infer, by request, upon the subject; prefacing his remarks with the regret that, to his "owne misfortune" and "greate infelicity," he should be prevented, by public duties, from attending the meetings of the Society on Tuesday afternoons.

Evelyn, in his letter, finds the changes in the English tongue to have been brought about through the following causes: "Victories, Plantations, Frontieres, Staples of Com'erce, Pedantry of Schooles, Affectation of Travellers, Translations, Fancy and style of Court, Vernility & mincing of Citizens, Pupils, Political Remonstrances, Theatres, Shopps, &c."; and he essays the difficult task of reform in the twelve following propositions:

1. I would therefore humbly propose that there might first be compil'd a Gram'ar for the Præcepts; which . . . might onely insist on the Rules, the sole meanes to render it a learned & learnable tongue.

2. That with this a more certaine Orthography were introduc'd, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c.: such as *o* in Woomen, People; *u* in Honour. . . . &c.

3. That there might be invented some new Periods and Accents, besides such as our Gram'arians & Critics use, to assist, inspirit, and modifie the Pronunciation of Sentences. . . .

4. To this might follow a Lexicon or Collection of all the pure English-Words by themselves; then those which are derivative . . . then, the symbolical; so as no innovation might be us'd or favour'd; at least till there should arise some necessity of providing a new Edition, & of amplifying the old upon mature advice.

5. That in order to this, some one were appointed to collect all the technical Words. . . .

6. That things difficult to be translated or express'd . . . were better interpreted than as yet we find them in Dictionaries. . . .

7. That a full Catalogue of exotic Words, such as are daily minted by our *Logodœdali*, were exhibited. . . .

8. Previous to this it would be enquir'd what particular Dialects, Idiomes, and Proverbs were in use in every several Country of England, for the Words of the present age being properly the *Vernacula*, or Classic rather, special reguard is to be had of them.

9. And happly it were not amiss, that we had a Collection of the most quaint and Courtly expressions, by way of *Florilegium*. . . .

10. And since there is likewise a manifest rotation and circling of Words, which goe in and out like the mode and fashion; Bookes would be consulted for the reduction of some of the old layd-aside words and expressions had formerly *in deliciis*. . . .

11. Something might likewise be well translated out of the best Orators & Poets, Greek and Latin, and even out of the Moderne Languages. . . .

12. Finaly. *There must be a stock of reputation gain'd by some publig writings and compositions of the Members of this Assembly, so that others may not thinke it dishonor to come under the test, or accept them for judges and approbators; And if the designe were arriv'd thus far, I conceive a very small matter would dispatch the art of Rhetoric, which the French propos'd as one of the first things they reco'mended to their late Academitians.*

Very truly yours,

HENRIETTA R. PALMER.

PROVIDENCE, May 15, 1902.

"AMERICA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As somewhat germane to the citations which Mr. Albert Matthews adduces and publishes in your issue of May 1, to show the phases through which the term "The States," as applied to our country, has gone, permit me to mention a curious custom prevailing in Nantucket, at least among the older natives of that island. They speak of the continental portion of the United States as America. When there I was told that on a fair day one could see America; that, consequent upon the decadence of the whale fishery and the loss thereby of population, many vacant houses had been placed on gundalows and towed over to America; and taking the steamer for Hyannis was quite generally spoken of as going to America. Perhaps this custom arose from the prudent neutrality of the islanders during the Revolutionary war. JOHN JAMESON.

WOBURN, MASS., May 14, 1902.

SHAKSPERE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE TORTURE BY WATER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shakspere gives a very adequate description of the sensations which must be experienced by a victim of the water torture, in "King Richard the Third," Act I., Scene III:

Clarence. "As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
. . . . . and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it to the sea."

Yours truly,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

CHICAGO, May 18, 1902.

RATLINGS IDENTIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to my note in the *Nation*

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of March 27, and in *Notes and Queries* of April 12 anent the word *ratlings* (*rattlings*), a writer in *Notes and Queries* for May 3 gives what seems to be the origin of this obscure word; he identifies it with *raddlings*, a term still in common use in Somerset, England (cp. 'West Somerset Word-Book,' p. 609). The verb *raddle* means to interweave rough brushwood; for instance, a hedge made with roughly interwoven untrimmed sticks, he says, is *raddled*, and the material which would otherwise go for kindling and be tied up in bundles is, when so used, called *raddling*. *Raddles* are small wood or sticks split like laths; whence *ratlings* meaning 'kindling.'

CHARLES BUNDY WILSON.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, May 16, 1902.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about to publish 'Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic,' by Henry Austin Clapp; 'Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers,' by Charles Francis Adams; 'Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect'; 'The Literature of American History,' edited by J. N. Larned (an expert judgment of all books on this subject); 'Poems of Edward Rowland Sill,' in a limited edition; a Life of Longfellow, in the American Men of Letters Series, by T. W. Higginson; 'September Days on Nantucket,' by William Root Bliss; 'The Desert and the Sown,' by Mary Hallock Foote; and Fielding's 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.'

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are preparing a novel sort of "Familiar Quotations," namely, 'An Index to Recitations, Readings, and Dialogues,' by title, author, and first lines. The volume may prove considerable in bulk—some 800 pages.

"Our Annual Execution," "a forgotten essay by William Makepeace Thackeray," from *Fraser's Magazine*, together with a critical review from the same periodical, "A Word on the Animals," will be published by H. W. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia, who call in the Merrymount Press for a limited edition.

Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia, will bring out directly 'In Quest of the Quaint' (in Canada), by Miss Eliza B. Chase, and a list of 'Quaker Arrivals in Philadelphia, 1682-1750,' compiled from the records of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends by Albert Cook Myers.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have nearly ready 'Home Thoughts, Second Series.'

Additional announcements from John Lane are 'An English Girl in Paris' and 'In a Tuscan Garden.'

All who have learned anything of the life of St. Francis are in a degree Franciscans, so that Montgomery Carmichael's 'The Lady Poverty, a XIII. Century Allegory,' should not lack readers. The book is a translation of the Franciscan tract the 'Sacrum Commercium,' "an allegory simple in form and charming in conception, telling how St. Francis wooed and won that most difficult of all Brides, my Lady Poverty." The little book is daintily made by John Murray (New York: Tennant & Ward), contains notes on the history and transmission of the text, a chapter on the "Significance of Spiritual Poverty," by Father Cuthbert, and, as frontispiece, an excellent reproduction of Giotto's great allegorical painting at Assisi—"The Espousals of St. Francis to the Lady Poverty."

The De La More Press of London sends us a very handsomely printed small quarto volume entitled, 'Siena: Its Architecture and Art.' The author, Gilbert Hastings, offers no preface to his little work, but begins at once with an introduction of thirteen pages, dealing in a general way with the relations of Siena to the art world of Italy, with a few words of sympathetic description of the city itself and its remarkable, even unparalleled, topographical position on a "series of ridges all radiating from the central Castelvecchio," with "all the buildings of importance . . . situated along the crests of these ridges and round their meeting-point." The division of the book proper is, then, simply enough, into two chapters, one of which has the title "Architecture" and is illustrated by seven photographs of well-known buildings of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance with their details, while the other, chapter iii., has the oddly exclusive title "Art," and is devoted to painting alone, and illustrated by six photographic illustrations. This nomenclature reminds one of the curious old fashion prevalent in our American cities twenty years ago, but which we had supposed was abandoned even there—the odd way of speaking of the artist as if he were always a painter, and of the painter, portraitist or landscapist, as if he alone were the artist. A brief bibliography is added by Mr. Hastings, and there is an index which occupies two pages and may prove to be sufficiently full for this very small but interesting and sympathetic treatise.

That very successful writer of brief astronomical monographs in understandable form, Mr. W. T. Lynn, formerly of the staff of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, has just issued the tenth edition revised of his 'Remarkable Comets,' being a survey of the most interesting facts in the history of cometary astronomy (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Company). It is simply a handy work of reference to comets that may be considered remarkable either for their brilliant appearance, their periodic returns, or for any other circumstance respecting them. Of comets due the present year, none are expected to be sensational in their advent. One was originally discovered by the late M. Tempel at Marseilles in 1869, and rediscovered at its second subsequent return in 1880 by Swift, then of Rochester, whose name the comet has ever since carried. It is a shy body, having dodged the comet-hunters at half its returns, but there is hope of its being caught again this coming autumn. Another comet due this year, though unfavorably circumstanced for observation, is one long known as Lexell's lost comet, which Mr. Lynn characterizes as "a truly unfortunate body from the way in which its motions were disturbed by the giant planet Jupiter." Messier at Paris first discovered it in 1770. Its orbit was elliptical with a period of about five and a half years, but the powerful attraction of this planet has since completely changed its path into one of seven years' duration.

The Bibliophile Society of Boston has issued two volumes out of nine in an edition of the Odes and Epodes of Horace, edited by its own members, and sumptuously printed at the Riverside Press in Cambridge. Mr. Howard Pyle has furnished the embellishment; Prof. Clement Lawrence Smith has edited and annotated the text. Translations face the original; some from the pens of members. One volume will be occupied with bibliography alone, and will be illustrated by facsimile reproductions from the British Museum MS., the *editio princeps* and other early editions. We might dwell on this undertaking, which is a labor of love, but the limited edition is, with a few exceptions, procurable only by members of the Society. One set is to be auctioned off here and another in Boston.

The 'Selected Essays and Addresses' by Sir James Paget, edited by Stephen Paget (Longmans), form a fitting supplement to the Life of Paget noticed in these columns last month, and sustain the opinion there expressed as to the broad intelligence of the writer; his wholesome sanity of thought and judgment; his simple, lucid, and effective style. It is unnecessary to discuss the various papers at length, inasmuch as they are mainly republications of medical articles, and addresses delivered many years ago. Some of them are quite technical, but all are of lasting value. Those of greatest general interest are the Hunterian Oration of 1877; "The History of the Discovery of Anæsthetics," 1879; "Theology and Science," 1880; "The Contrast of Temperance with Abstinence," 1881; "National Health and National Work," 1884; "Errors in the Chronometry of Life," 1891; and "The Use of the Will for Health," 1891. The appreciative account of John Hunter, with whose aims and methods Paget was bound to be a sympathizer, gives an impressive picture of a wonderful character. The essays on "Animal Experimentation," on "Theology and Science" and "National Health and National Work" are liberal and intelligent in motive and instructive in detail. A short essay on "The Use of the Will for Health" is a lay sermon of wide application, and reflects the energy and fine purpose of its author. Another essay, on "Elemental Pathology," deals with diseases of plants, and while it describes little that is strictly new, the application to clinical pathology is valuable and suggestive.

Recently the firm of Julius Groos of Heidelberg (New York: Brentano's) has added to its well-known series of conversation grammars several dealing with Oriental languages. That especially of the modern book-Arabic by Harder was a real contribution to Semitic linguistics. The last to appear is a modern Persian grammar by W. St. Clair-Tisdall, which, if not so scientific and thorough as Harder, can yet be very fairly commended. It is strictly of modern Persian, colloquial and written, has an adequate collection of exercises, eighty pages of neatly lithographed reading-book, a full English-Persian vocabulary, and over twenty pages of lithographed Persian letters. There is no other book at all like it, and, within its limits, it should prove most useful. Mr. St. Clair-Tisdall's knowledge of Persian is undoubted. Over his Persian book on the sources of Islam, it may be remembered, there was an interesting tilt in the *Nineteenth Century* rather more than a year ago between Sir William Muir and Moulvie Rafüddin Ahmad.

From Brentano's, also (still by way of Heidelberg), we receive a 'Portuguese Conversation-Grammar' by G. L. Kordgien and

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E. Kunow. It is one of a series composed on the Gaspey-Otto-Sauer method, which is not markedly distinguished from many another. Those who must depend upon themselves for instruction in a language easy to read but difficult to speak and to pronounce, will find this manual adequate within the capacity of such helps. Some reading exercises are appended, and an English-Portuguese vocabulary. The inside of the covers has been utilized for maps showing the domain of spoken Portuguese, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America—the most considerable remains of former "sea-power," and a by-product of it that must appear relatively contemptible to Capt. Mahan and his disciples.

Alfieri & Lacroix, Milan, are issuing the "Divina Commedia" in a sort of double post-card series (ten to an envelope when not folded), engrossed in monkish fashion, with rubricated initials and illuminated design for each canto. The idea is Attilio Razzolini's, and it has been beautifully carried out; but the close-packed lines in hair-line letter forbid continuous reading.

The historical manuscripts of the May Bulletin of the Boston Public Library refer mainly to the Jackson-Adams campaign of 1828, the most interesting being one from Henry Clay, written after the election. He regards the result as adverse "to the cause of human freedom," and is unable to view it "under any aspect whatever without awful apprehensions. Still, we have yet our liberty. And it should be our aim, by the exertion of all our energies, to preserve it, and to destroy the pernicious influence of the example which a majority of our countrymen have passionately and thoughtlessly established. For myself I desire life no longer than I possess liberty." George M. Dallas, on the other hand, writing in August, 1828, is confident that Jackson will succeed because "our democrats—and with them at least one-fifth of the federalists—are convinced that corruption was at work in the election of Mr. Adams, and nothing would bribe them to endure it." He refers to the perfect organization of the Federal party in Pennsylvania, and asserts that "it is the nature of our's to submit to very little organization, but to accomplish a great deal, apparently, through the exercise of individual and independent effort."

The Quarterly Statement for April of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains a contribution to the controverted question of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre by Sir C. W. Wilson. His conclusion is that the name is derived from a "local legend which connected it with a skull, possibly that of Adam, as all the early Christian Fathers who mention the subject assert," and that the theories which identify "the place of a skull" with a public place of execution, or with a spot which resembled a skull, "are of later growth and probably of Western origin." Col. C. R. Conder treats of the Hebrew weights and measures, and there are the usual reports on excavations and inscriptions, and some observations on the seasonal and annual variations in the level of the Dead Sea. Attention is called to the rifling of tombs and ransacking of ancient mounds near Hebron by the fellahin, with such deplorable results that the whole district has been archæologically ruined. There are indications that this evil is spreading.

The Dûsuns, a forest people of North Borneo, as described in the *Spectator* by Mr. Hugh Clifford, the late Governor of that territory, furnish a most perplexing enigma for anthropological science to solve. Downtrodden for ages, they have that "peculiar expression, at once patient, fearful, and utterly despondent, which belongs to the lost races," and in habits and manner are nearly at the lowest level of humanity. At enmity with all men, they kill for the mere love of bloodshed, and the roof-trees of their cubicles "fairly groan under their loads of dried human skulls." "It is curious," remarks Mr. Clifford in this connection, "that Borneo, which, for a tropical country, is singularly free from the more savage of the beasts, should produce more men instinct with this wanton homicidal mania than any other place of its size in the world." Yet, though hopelessly and irredeemably a savage, the Dûsun speaks a language which, in its inflections, declensions, and conjugations, its elaborate system of prefixes and suffixes, bears marks of a refined and fastidious civilization. And he has successfully resisted the persistent efforts of his Malay master to turn him from his own religious belief to the faith of Islam. A single article only of his creed, his theory of the creation, is given, but this shows thought far deeper than that of any barbarian. It is a most interesting contribution to mythology, and agrees with the Bible in attributing the origin of evil to a woman. Moved by jealousy, she created the world and rules it, and hence its grievous imperfections. "Wherefore among the Dûsuns women hold all sacerdotal offices even to this day, and, though the people pray to the great god Kinohringan, they know that all evil has its source in the goddess whose pride and untimely interference alone prevented the creation of the perfect world."

A recent number (Heft 4) of the *Monatsberichte über Kunstwissenschaft* (Munich) is an exceptionally rich one. A second article, in English, by Professor Huddilston, "The Life of Women Illustrated on Greek Pottery," is accompanied by two plates in terracotta and black. Several of the remaining twenty-three full-page illustrations are reproductions of paintings in private collections, among them an "Adoration," by Gerard David, and a very interesting work, until recently unknown, by Lorenzo Lotto, "The Portrait of a Goldsmith."

A recent number of the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen contains an account of a study, by Prof. Sophus Bugge, of a Norwegian runic inscription, which has a special interest for American readers. The stone containing the inscription was found in 1817, on a farm in Ringerike, Norway. Some years after its discovery, the stone disappeared, and has not since been found. Fortunately, the inscription was copied in 1823, and a copy of this drawing, the original drawing having also disappeared, is now in the Bergen Museum. The absence of the name, both of the person to whom the stone relates and of the cutter, seems to imply that the original inscription consisted of two parts, cut on different stones. Professor Bugge's Danish rendering may be translated as follows: "They came out [on the ocean] and across great stretches, and, needing clothes to dry themselves, and food, away towards Vinland and on the ice in the uninhabited region. Evil can take away joy, so that one dies early." This is clearly an epitaph over a young Norwegian from Ringerike, who had been wrecked with his companions, and, after wandering over the ice, had finally yielded up his life near the coast of Vinland. The character of the runes indicates that the epitaph was cut between 1010 and 1050—that is, within half a century of the discovery of the Western continent by the Norsemen. It is, therefore, the earliest document known to us containing a reference to America. The striking nature of Professor Bugge's conclusions has roused fresh interest in the search for the lost stone, which must be regarded as, from the cultural side, the most important in Scandinavia. Of even greater importance would be the discovery of the companion stone, if the theory with regard to its existence be correct.

The Russification of Finland now going on is believed by many to be only a preparatory step in the extension of the Czar's empire to the North Atlantic, and is to be followed by the subjugation of the northern provinces of the two Scandinavian kingdoms. The inhabitants of this region, Mr. Edmund Gosse says in a letter to the London *Times*, have long been keenly alive to this danger, and have guarded against it in a way characteristic of a brave people who love liberty. By an ancient privilege the men of the Norwegian provinces of Nordland and Finmark "were exempted, in consideration of the precarious nature of their business and the extreme poverty of the soil, from the duty of serving in the army." About eight years ago they requested the removal of this privilege, and now serve as soldiers, exactly as do their comrades in the south, and show remarkable eagerness in the discharge of their military duties. Their organization is already efficient, and they have drilling grounds for recruits, schools for non-commissioned officers, and annual manœuvres. Sweden also has provided an important defence for her threatened province by a fortified railway, by far the most northerly in the world, which runs from Victoriahavn, latitude 68°, on the Atlantic, through the iron ore districts in Sweden, almost to the Russo-Finnish frontier. Mr. Gosse asserts that the accusation that there exists a Russophile party in the public life of Norway is simply laughable, that "there is not a country in the world where the methods of Russian nationalization would be less likely to meet with partisans."

The decline in the popularity of the "stereoscopic view" since the days when Dr. Holmes was high-priest of the cult, would bear discussion by the expert. No doubt the strain of the lenses on the eye had something to do with it, and again the trouble of compact and orderly stowage of the views, with their varying sizes; then, in many kinds of pictures—as of foliage—the want of atmosphere, the exaggerated detachment and "solidity," with the effect of deadness which, in the case of portraiture, tended to become ghastly. But a better explanation is, no doubt, the manifold development of photography itself, enabling every individual in the community from childhood up to work his own camera. Be this as it may, an attempt is making to revive interest in the "stereograph." The

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London and New York firm of Underwood & Underwood address themselves to the schools and to stay-at-home tourists in a very systematic manner, furnishing, say, a neat box of views in Switzerland, with a series of maps showing the point of view and scope of each numbered stereograph, and a book which is Cook's "personal conductor."

One such collection which they submit to us is devoted to President McKinley, exhibiting him in his Canton home, at the White House surrounded by his Cabinet, on his Southern tour, his Pacific Coast tour, and a great variety of public occasions down to the lamentable end. Each stereograph is apt to have some sentiment quoted at the foot from the speech illustrated. There is a book, bound in cloth, in which these incidents are described, and which closes with a general biography. It cannot be denied that all this is a "human document" more impressive than the kodak snapshot, more easy to study than the St. Vitus's dance of the kinematograph. The physiognomy of crowds is very instructively recorded; and here to perfection is set down that grab-bag handshaking from the rear platform which dispenses the Presidential car from being fitted with gymnastic apparatus as on the Siberian Railway.

—The authorship of Lord Durham's Report (of which a new edition has just been published by E. P. Dutton & Co.), though not surrounded by the mystery which enshrouds the Letters of Junius, is a difficult and interesting question. The intrinsic value of the document and the importance of its effect upon British colonial policy, give it a place among the classics of modern political literature. Its ideas are bold and positive; in form it is often animated and always forcible. Who, then, wrote this state paper which is of such quality that it would bring honor to any colonial governor or colonial secretary of the last hundred years? The old jest is as follows: "Wakefield thought it, Buller wrote it, Durham signed it." In Canada for a long time past it has been held to be the work of Charles Buller, though Sir Richard Hanson's statement to Greville that he and Wakefield wrote the paragraphs on Clergy Reserves and Crown Lands has not been overlooked. In England there has been a disposition of late to credit Lord Durham himself with a much more considerable share in the work than was accorded him by contemporaries. Then, too, Wakefield, who was by common consent the chief authority of those days on colonial questions, has always received credit for some of the most important ideas that the report contains. Partly by accident, partly by the prominence of colonial questions just now, the discussion of authorship has been renewed within the past few weeks on both sides of the water. It will be remembered that the names of Judge Dunkin, Mr. Turton, and Dr. Thom have recently been suggested by correspondents in our columns as those of probable collaborators, while Mr. Morgan of Ottawa has recalled how Joseph Howe and Sir John Macdonald ascribed this "Magna Charta of Canadian liberty and freedom" to Charles Buller. However, the most important article on the subject which has yet been published appears from the pen of Dr. Richard Garnett in the April number of the *English Historical Review*. The propositions here advanced are that the opening part, with one or two other passages, is by Lord Durham himself, that the entire middle portion is by Buller, and that some twenty-five pages towards the close are by Wakefield.

—With regard to the question of mutual sympathy between the three men, Dr. Garnett quotes with much force some words of J. S. Mill which occur in a letter to Sir William Molesworth. These were first published in 1901 by Mrs. Fawcett. "Buller and Wakefield appear to be acting as one man, speaking to Lord Durham with the utmost plainness, giving him the most courageous and judicious advice, which he receives both generously and wisely." Apart from Dr. Garnett's willingness to credit Lord Durham with the rhetorical parts of the report, the most interesting point in his article relates to the difference in view between Buller and Wakefield regarding one matter of the utmost moment. Here again Mrs. Fawcett's 'Life of Molesworth' is made tributary for a letter written by Wakefield from Quebec on September 29, 1838. "Buller has been true to his avowed principles. He has ever been the advocate of mercy and justice against policy. Not so I, who have had deeply impressed on me the opinion first suggested by you—that the Canadians were a miserable race, and that the country must be made English by one means or another." Buller wished to conciliate the French Canadians, leaving them still French and with the means of perpetuating their language. Wakefield thought that they should be Anglicized, and the part of the report which Dr. Garnett sets down to his share is a long section that may be termed a comment upon this view. We have said little about the Canadians who have been suggested as possible collaborators. In our opinion the element which they collectively represent is a negligible one. Judge Dunkin was a very able and distinguished man, but the report was written in England while he remained in Canada. Dr. Thom may have rendered assistance in some capacity, but we think it unlikely that he contributed anything material to the document as a whole.

—The second issue of the 'Architectural Annual' (Philadelphia, No. 931 Chestnut Street) reaches us in April, 1902, although bearing the date 1901. A letter from the editor, Albert Kelsey, gives the assurance that, although there was indeed some delay, yet there had been no intention of issuing the number dated 1901 until two or three months after the close of that year, it being the editor's purpose to review in each issue the progress of the year last preceding. There is some interest in comparing the frontispieces of volumes one and two, for each is a portrait and a record of an architect who may be taken as typical. It seemed odd when the first volume appeared with the motto on the cover, "Progress before Precedent" as the motto of the Architectural League of America, that the first portrait given should be that of an architect who more than almost any other stands for the opposite doctrine, for the doctrine of the supreme importance and value of tradition, and of the advisability of exact copying of the past rather than of any rash experimenting. The volume for 1901, however, gives as its frontispiece the portrait of the most daring innovator among all the architects of celebrity in the United States, and now it may be thought that the balance is even. The names of the architects in question are Charles Follen McKim and Louis Henry Sullivan. The contents of volume two could be appraised only by a minute examination of many subjects. There are three hundred pages, of which much more than half the aggregate space is occupied by illustration of a very general sort, including much that is very interesting, with no especial favor to designs which embody "progress before precedent." On the other hand, it was a good thought to give the Château d'Eau of Longchamps, Marseilles (even if the name had to be spelled wrong twice), for, although that building is twenty-five years old, its interest does not flag; and so it was a good thought to give a view in Hudson Park, New York, where an attempt at a formal garden was made under unwonted conditions. There is much attention given to gardens and parks, and, on a page not easily identified because none of the pages entirely occupied by illustration is numbered at all, there is given a map of the Boston parkway system—an admirable thing, which every one ought to study. A certain number of the illustrations have critical remarks included in their legends. These are judicious and interesting, but it is perhaps not wholly regrettable that this custom cannot be uniform. The reader who is inclined to be hypercritical may easily set up the theory that it would be far less agreeable and less safe to criticise in this way one design rather than another, and yet this seems to be an argument rather for abandoning the criticisms than for increasing their number; for how could we look for such boldness on the part of any editor as that he should criticise "with equal hand" the twenty-year-old work of a foreigner and the contemporary work of a fellow-citizen?

—The 'Stephen A. Douglas' in the "Riverside Biographies," by W. G. Brown, is one of the best volumes of a series that has some excellent numbers. The distinction of its quality is that it is written with a dramatic sympathy which does not for a moment confuse the writer's moral discrimination. We fear at first that it is going to do so, or that Mr. Brown is not going to take a side, one way or another; but our fears are dispelled when we come to the compromises of 1850, and, four years later, to the Kansas-Nebraska legislation. In the former we have Douglas faithfully represented as the most powerful and efficient advocate of those measures which were the latest fruit of Clay's unprincipled and superficial mind. In the latter we see Douglas taking a leading part in the renewal of the conflict to which the compromises had sung a temporary truce, "calming," as Rufus Choate said very handsomely, "with instantaneous and mighty charm the madness and anxiety of the hour." Douglas's characteristic note was moral indifference to the character of slavery. He did not care, he said, whether slavery was voted up or voted down. But we are invited to admire the splendid force with which he drove home the logic that, from the compromises of 1850, deduced the repeal of the Missouri legislation of 1820. We can admire with less qualification when the Lecompton measure put Douglas to a resort which, relatively to the Buchanan policy, was morally attrac-

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tive, and was accepted by Horace Greeley and some others as the best way out. The influence of Douglas in disintegrating the Democratic party, and thus making Lincoln's election possible, is vividly brought out; so, too, his influence upon the Northern Democracy, tending to the creation of a war party from its ranks, but for which Lincoln's task would have been harder than he could perform. At various points the parallel between Douglas and Lincoln is exhibited in a striking manner. The former's rapid advancement is contrasted sharply with the latter's long delays. The closing page will satisfy those who like to have a moral clearly drawn. But why do we not have a full biography of Douglas as good as this, adequate to the brilliancy of his daring and the tragedy of his defeat?

—Mr. C. T. Whitmell of Leeds, England, reports an expected opportunity to make a unique observation, about the 17th of July next, of the visibility of the main body of the planet Saturn through what is known to astronomers as the Cassini division in the ring. According to Professor Barnard's estimates, this division of the ring is 2,270 miles in breadth; and, assuming that the ring is fifty miles in thickness, Mr. Whitmell computes an effective opening of rather more than 800 miles, corresponding to an arc of 0.2″ as seen from the earth. Under these conditions, the earth and the sun being at that time equally elevated above the plane of the rings, a line from the sun to the earth will pass through the rift in the ring to the planet; and an observer here, if suitably placed, should be able to view through this rift a portion (very small, it is true) of the planet's surface lit up by the ray of sunlight which has passed through the rift, and is reflected back by the planet through the rift and to the observer. What is expected to happen, then, is that a small portion of the arc of the Cassini division crossing the planet will appear bright instead of dark. This observation, never before made, will naturally be one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. On account of the present south declination of Saturn, it may be caught by astronomers in the southern hemisphere, while a view of it may be denied to our northern observatories. There is, of course, for Saturn at the same time a solar transit of the earth, nearly twelve hours in duration; but the Saturnian inhabitant who would see it must be armed with a good telescope, for the earth, although 8,000 miles in diameter, is so remote from Saturn that it will be projected on the sun as a minute black speck about the size of a golf ball two miles away.

—A Tupi-Portuguese dictionary of 1795, which was almost forgotten on account of its scarcity, has just been remodelled and republished by Julius Platzmann. Although the name of the author is not mentioned on the title-page, nor anywhere else in the volume, its intrinsic merits have caused its republication by the celebrated Leipzig firm of B. G. Teubner, and Mr. Platzmann has not failed to enrich the volume with accounts of his Brazilian voyages and South American linguistic bibliography, in which he is as much at home as in the geography and ethnography of that distant continent. The translation of the Portuguese definitions into German was the editor's purpose—a task not only tedious but eminently difficult for a large portion of the work. A great number of botanical, zoölogical, and other physical terms had to be presented in another language, and this implied in many instances a special knowledge of the natural objects to be mentioned. The verbatim or literal German translation of the Tupi term often differs from the one to be used in literary German, as Platzmann is well aware when he confronts the two definitions in the same item. No second or Portuguese-Tupi part ever followed, so far as known, the publication of the first; but from this first one the editor has assiduously compiled a German-Tupi part, which fills about the same number of pages and will prove indispensable for a thorough study of Tupi. This Indian language is now heard only in a few parts of Brazil, and in the corrupted form called *Lingoa geral*; for wherever Tupi was formerly spoken in the older and purer form, it has been mostly displaced by Portuguese. The title which Platzmann has given to the book is 'Das Anonyme Wörterbuch, Tupi-Deutsch und Deutsch-Tupi.' The map is affixed to the volumes mainly to show the sites now occupied by the ancient and modern Tupi tribes.

HELMOLT'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

The History of the World: A Survey of Man's Record. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. With an introductory essay by the Right Hon. James Bryce. [English translation.] Complete in eight volumes. Vol. I. Pre-History—America and the Pacific Ocean. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

The *Weltgeschichte* is a type of history which the German loves to produce; but it must not be thought by those who have yet to make their acquaintance with Helmolt's 'Weltgeschichte' that this encyclopædic work is but another example of a well-known species. In fact, it resembles the *Weltgeschichte* of Ranke or of Weber no more than it does the 'Histoire Générale' of Lavisse and Rambaud. It differs from all predecessors both in conception and in manner of treatment. It starts out from a new idea, and it is executed in a style which corresponds with the novelty of the motive.

By way of contrast we are taken back to Hegel and his 'Philosophy of History.' It will be remembered that this distinguished metaphysician, when lecturing upon history, paid little regard to any other continents save Asia and Europe. Australia, according to his view, was physically imperfect; in Africa, man had been dwarfed by nature; the civilization of America was only a faint reflection of European civilization. Even when he had reduced the range of his vision to Asia and Europe, he found his principal interest in the states of the temperate zone. As it passes from China to Germany the *Geist* proceeds in a straight line through certain elect nations, and the rest of humanity is relegated to the dusky hinterland of oblivion. Hegel lectured more than two generations ago, and a good many things have changed since his day, including our outlook upon the subject-matter of history. We have burst through the trammels of the notion that history is past politics. We have passed beyond Asia, Europe, and America. Not only do the data accumulate, but the intellectual circle is constantly widening, until now, when we think of history, we call up a hundred fields of activity and all mankind.

Helmolt's 'Weltgeschichte' is cosmopolitan in the broadest sense. Unlike the Oncken series, it is more than an *Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen*. The editor begins by recalling those centuries when historians had no thought of the races which lived just beyond their own national neighborhood.

"Fortunately," he proceeds, "the standard for judging events in the world's history has become far more comprehensive than would have been considered possible a few years ago. Therefore the time has come for us to think of such a work. Universal history is the history of the development of mankind in the aggregate. Previous works bearing this or a similar title have fallen short of their promise; the relation of any one of them to a true universal history is that of the autobiography of a man to the history of his time."

Here, then, is the central idea. "Universal history is the history of the development of mankind in the aggregate." *Weltgeschichte* should be made to mean the history of the whole human race on the earth. Dr. Helmolt is under no illusions regarding the difficulty of his task, and the impossibility of producing any results which are more than tentative:

"The high ideal of writing a complete universal history will never be attained; for the more extensive our investigation, the more often shall we discover unexpected doors which open only to mysterious voids and obscurity. But there are ample materials for a work that only claims to be a preliminary study for a universal history; and the greatest joy of a conscientious worker lies in the thought of that which will be accomplished by his successors."

Having fixed upon a purpose, the execution remains. Out of several possible courses which were open, Dr. Helmolt chose that of arranging his scheme with regard to ethnographical divisions. Here one sees the influence of Professor Ratzel, who is an important contributor to this work, and who forecasts, in the introduction to his 'Völkerkunde,' the preparation of a new history on the present lines. Having accepted the principle of ethnographical division, the question next arises, Where shall the survey begin? Ratzel again furnishes the answer by pointing out, also in his 'Völkerkunde,' that when we look at a map on Mercator's projection, the Americans are seen to occupy a position on the eastern wing. They are "opposite to and most distant from those whose habitation is on the eastern edge of the dividing abyss of the Atlantic Ocean." Accepting this fresh interpretation of *ex Oriente lux*, Dr. Helmolt commences with the inhabitants of America, including races of European origin; then passes by Oceania to Asia, crosses that continent from east to west, enters Africa from western Asia, and ends his course in Europe. Though other continents come first, Europe receives five volumes out of eight, and there is no disposition to accord either primitive man or the backward races which lie upon the fringe of history more space than they really deserve. Dr. Helmolt has been ably supported by the younger historians of Germany and Austria. His staff of collaborators includes more than thirty scholars, some of whom possess an international reputation.

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The English translation of Helmolt's 'Weltgeschichte' is now beginning to appear, and we have been led to make the foregoing statement concerning the scope of the work because the original, while known to scholars, has not yet forced its way to public notice on this side of the Atlantic. Not long ago, indeed, we saw it likened in a learned periodical to Ranke's 'Weltgeschichte,' and placed in the same category. The subject involves a good deal of general statement, and general statements in German have not the literary finish and compactness which they wear in French. Accordingly, the task of the translator is no easy one, and we have noticed in the version before us a tendency to follow the German idiom somewhat too closely. However, we are not pointing out a serious blemish. The work possesses great importance from being the first serious and systematic attempt on a large scale to write the history of mankind in the aggregate. It considers geographical and ethnological factors with special care, and lays much stress upon interrelations, collective forces, and international tendencies.

The publishers prefix to the present translation a note from which we shall extract one sentence:

"They [the publishers] have been fortunate to find in Dr. Bryce an enthusiastic admirer of the monumental work which modern research and scholarship have created, and they feel confident that Mr. Bryce's eloquent exposition of the plan of the present work, and the whole philosophy of the world's history, will not merely be read for its own interest, but will win many readers and students for the work itself."

While this sounds like an advertisement, the statement made is not couched in language which is much too strong. Mr. Bryce has written something more than a preface. He has written a general introduction, and if it is not an exposition of "the whole philosophy of the world's history," it is none the less a thoughtful essay of more than forty quarto pages on the history of the world, or, we might better say, of man in his relation to nature. Dr. Helmolt has a long chapter of his own on "The Matter and Aim of a Universal History." Mr. Bryce has discussed the same subject in a different way and with much greater incisiveness. His introduction is remarkable for its command of salient points in historical geography, but it is more remarkable still for the wisdom of its concluding observations on the increase of human resources, the evolution and development of man "from the side of his relations to space," and the course of history as establishing a general law of progress.

Mr. Bryce's paper covers a wide range of interests, and contains material that would amply furnish forth a separate article. It is the utterance of one who has reflected long upon the larger problems of history, and has not suffered his perception of outlines to be blurred by a too close scrutiny of details. The majority of historians live in the concrete, or, more often, in the highly concrete. Theorizing, when it is attempted, does not seem to be their strong point. Mr. Bryce comes forward neither as a philosopher nor as a prophet, but the sagacity with which he is endowed makes him suggestive even where he is least dogmatic.

Into an account of the views that are here expounded we shall not enter, for they cannot be condensed briefly, and every historical student should read the whole essay; but the concluding passage we wish, for several reasons, to quote. Though Mr. Bryce is averse from the mania of prophecy, he brings forward a few negative predictions, after which he concludes as follows:

"It may seem natural to add the further prediction that the great states and the great religions will continue to grow and absorb the small ones. But when we touch topics into which human opinion or emotion enters, we touch a new kind of matter, where the influences now at work may be too much affected by new influences to admit of any forecast. Conditions might conceivably come into action which would split up some or most of the present great states, and bring the world back to an age of small political communities. So, too, though the lower forms of paganism are fast vanishing, and the four or five great religions are extending their sway, it is conceivable that new prophets may arise, founding new faiths, or that the existing religions may be split up into new sects widely diverse from one another. Even the supremacy of the European races, well assured as it now appears, may be reduced by a variety of causes, physical or moral, when some centuries have passed. Whoever observes the predictions made by the most observant and profound thinkers of the past, will see reason to distrust almost all the predictions, especially those of a positive order, which shape themselves in our minds to-day."

SIX NOVELS.

The Master of Caxton. By Hildegard Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Fighting Bishop. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

The Son of a Fiddler. By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mary Garvin. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Aliens. By Mary Tappan Wright. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Angelot. By Eleanor C. Price. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The libraries of the future will be constrained to set aside whole departments to the Virginia novels that are pouring from the press. Colonial, ante-bellum, post-bellum, inter-bellum, red, black, and white, they come in inky troops. We know them like our pockets, from curled cavalier to braided pickaninny. Yet Hildegard Brooks, in 'The Master of Caxton,' a novel of Virginia (for we take it that Rolfe Courthouse can be in no other State), has contrived to give a new turn to the familiar theme by showing us the best-hated class in a winning aspect. The heroine, born of poor white parents, is brought up at the North; she returns to her home when she is grown, and casts her lot with her family, bringing Northern thrift and method to the civilizing of three brothers, amiable, but congenitally irresponsible. Far from wishing to elevate them socially, she discourages their acquaintance with the neighborhood aristocrats, and shows herself as respectful of caste as any patrician. She succeeds in imparting to her young fauns some degree of business conscience; trying to strangle their love affairs and her own, she fails; in failure or success, she is a strong, likable, and human creature. "Virgie," her high-caste friend, in every way her inferior, is an admirably drawn example of her kind, fascinating, and at heart faithful; of whom it may be said that the laws of logic, responsibility, relevance "look in their faces to forget their errand." "Bud," the chief of the three brothers, is excellently depicted in his illiterate and sweet-natured elegance. The German-Americans are less well done, but very good is the seemingly shiftless, halting hero, Don, with his contradictory masterfulness and hesitancy. He is a puzzle that is comfortably explained at last. If the dénouement is not absolutely exciting, yet it is of a certain originality, and sets the seal of a graceful distinction on a novel that is both unpretending and unhackneyed.

"This story of a family," as Mr. Hopkins calls his book, in dedicating it to his two sisters, is about Cæsar or nobody. That is to say, it is not greatly a story unless it is about Bishop Hopkins, who, like Bishop Ambrose of the book, was essentially a fighting Bishop, particularly when the abolitionists were his opponents. He was a man of varied talents, which included musical composition, and he had a son who, like the Stephen of the novel, devoted a goodly talent and an eccentric nature to the advancement of choir-boys and the calumniation of German music. But though as a novel the narrative rambles, the Bishop's portrait is an impressive one, whether from life or not, in its fierce strength and pugnacity, its unexpected tendernesses, its usually too late repentances, and its wholly unforeseen reasonablenesses. The large family of sons, in their varying relations to this fond but terrible father, are more or less real in effect. The most rebellious of them could never quite attain to independence of the father's authority. In his presence they were always little boys, naughty or good. But the Bishop was too large a man not to submit to the march of events. When, against his convictions, the slaves were freed, the "indomitable old soldier of the Church Militant" recognized that things had happened, and girded on his armor at seventy to work for Church colleges and an educated negro ministry. Here we leave him, not sorry to have made the acquaintance of so rugged a nature. If personal affairs have been disclosed too freely for a "story of a family," it is not for the outsider, the reader of the story, to complain.

A book entitled 'The Son of a Fiddler' claims attention first of all on its musical side. The fiddler, who had run away with an actress, returned to his parents on the farm, bringing his two-and-a-half-year-old child. "He had come home to die, and he wasted no time about it." He had his fiddle, and he played for the farm hands a week before he died. First he played "the story of wandering," then "a clumsy, rhythmic gavotte," which set the village fool to doing "a giant heel-and-toe." Then "the bow stole forward in a low brooding sound," then "deepened and broadened and grew to a pastoral melody full of a rich, sweet assurance." Then it "melted away—and emerged again. It grew more definite." Then "the notes played on." Then Cousin Lois, who had come to the door carrying the child in her arms, with trembling lips and a look of questioning in her eyes, "took the melody in a full, rich voice, 'Home, home, sweet, sweet home!'" Then "the men stirred uneasily for a moment. Then one by one they joined in, singing with free, hearty vigor." Cousin Lois hid the

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fiddle when the fiddler died, but later the boy found it, replaced the strings, and repaired the bow—evidently a violin-mender by heredity. At the age of thirteen he is found playing out of doors on a May morning. Though quite untaught, he brings "a wail of protest and courage" from "the long shape." Next he closes his eyes while "the bow groped, and rose and fell," and the notes "crowded fast and faster, in a joyous clatter of sound. The robin in the apple-tree perked an amazed eye through the blossoms." We do not criticise the robin; his conduct was natural. Indeed, we feel like that robin as we read of Alec's later feats. Through heredity, too, he remembers the clumsy, rhythmic gavotte, for when he played it in Boston a few years later for a German musician, Herr Mynter tells him that it was himself who played that tune for the fiddler's father "dwendty years ago, vun day"; adding, "I neffer put dat tune on paber." In Boston, Alec hears music and sees acting—how abundantly, we may infer from finding that, at the first performance he attended, the programme included Don Juan, a new garland dance, and a musical afterpiece.

Once he entered an empty theatre to play "the mood of the streets"; two actors entered, and he flooded the house and bore them "on a sea of light—out through space—beyond space—where the stars grow dim and the soul is freed." At another time, in the theatre, he flooded the house some more till the sound "gripped the heart-strings, . . . the listeners forgot to listen. They forgot where they were. They forgot that it was music"—and perhaps it wasn't. By Herr Mynter's advice, Alec and his bride sail for "Shairmany" in the last chapter, that he may study in Leipzig with the only man who "can teach petter as Mynter." As they are sailing out of the harbor, Alec's little daughter asks him, "What is a fool?" His reply is, "I could play it on my violin. But I can't tell you. Ask your mother." There is a pastoral side to the book, full of eggs and hay, and a city side, full of actresses and ballet, with good nature everywhere. There are two technical fools, with others. And never in one plain, kind American novel have been met together so many illegitimate children. The style is fidgety, the clauses short but thick. As for the adverbs, they are for profusion like the water that comes down at Lodore.

The power of music is further exemplified in 'Mary Garvin,' where the hero is first attracted to the heroine by hearing her "rich alto in minor key," and where his final corralling, after great wanderings, is accomplished (six hours by the clock past the other girl) through the "helpless, hopeless passion and quivering pathos" of "Annie Laurie." For the rest, the story is a thoroughgoing New Hampshire drama, rising in maple sugar and setting in mince pie. There is a good deal that is fresh and interesting in the pictures of farm activities and of the great abandoned farms of New England, and this serves as relief from the comic relief furnished by Joel and others, who, indeed, according to their lights, provide good sayings and stories and wholesome philosophy. Witness Asa on Sunday work: "I've known lots er folks to pitch right in on Saturday 'n' mow down about all the grass they hed, then claim that it wuz absolutely necessary to work on Sunday to save it from spiling."

'Aliens' stands out prominently among novels of the South for breadth, for impartiality, for force. The region is the cotton belt; the time, contemporaneous; the motive, a showing of how little reconstruction has reconstructed, and of how worse than useless are many of the attempts to foist Northern ideas on Southerners of either color. The little colony of Northerners living in the town of Tallawara fall under the witching spell of the South, yet grow daily more and more aware of the unbridgable chasm between them. The conscientious New Englanders cannot understand why the negroes should not hold meetings; the Southerners cannot convince any outsiders that the mere word insurrection suggests to Southern ears enough to account for the ostracizing of Northern mission-school teachers. Mrs. Wright appears capable of understanding both points of view—so capable that her book makes a profound impression. As a story it is absorbing, in spite of some floating threads of diffuseness and disconnectedness. As a political document it is profoundly sad; its very freedom from exaggeration and morbidness only serving to deepen the shadow. Copies of Booker Washington's writings ought to accompany it if it is not to make sorrowing pessimists of its readers. The story is not technically one of unmitigated gloom. There is infinite humor and variety in the types depicted; hardly one which, however familiar its genus and species, is not developed into individuality. The Southern flirt is even more originally flirtatious, unreasonable, and charming than usual. The New England women are human, though pronounced. The Southern politicians grind their axes with a difference. A few of the private problems lack decisive handling, as the relation between Professor Thurston and his wife. A few of the characters are not needed at all. But never has the butterfly man been better delineated than in Trenholm, who—says Zoë—"is a part of our education; sooner or later every one of us falls in love with him. We've got to have it, like the measles or the whooping-cough. . . . I'm a scarlet-fever case myself." In fine, 'Aliens' is emphatically a book to be read. It haunts the thoughts, and it leaves the reader with a patriotic but perhaps wholesome heartache.

In 'Angelot' Miss Price has written an interesting story of the Anjou of 1811, when Napoleon was every one's creed, whether as god or devil; when the imperial peace edicts were no less complicating than conscription; when the behavior of the disaffected, the submissive, the adoring, kept society in a ferment. The field is not new, but always rich, and Miss Price has made it seem new by her happy choice of material, investing the book with interest as a story and as an abstract of the time. Perhaps the narrative is sometimes repetitious; perhaps the type is sometimes insisted on at the expense of characterization; but on the whole the social, political, and historic elements are nicely balanced, with desirable emphasis on the love story and in the refreshing style of a gentlewoman. The little book may be heartily commended.

Mexico as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie (*née* Hurley), Author of 'Through Finland in Carts,' 'George Harley, F.R.S.,' etc. Illustrated from photographs by the author. The Macmillan Co. 1901.

Vivacity and the power of enjoying one's self under all conditions are qualities invaluable to the traveller and not useless even to the writer of a book of travels. They constitute a good part of the merits of Mrs. Tweedie's book. Its title is eminently appropriate, for the authoress does not set out to describe Mexico as it is, but rather to tell her readers what she did and what she saw in Mexico. Her remarks on the country and the people are incidental to the narrative of her own progress—we might almost say her triumphal progress—through the territories of the Mexican republic. She has a quick eye and a facile pen—an eye and a pen well trained by previous travels and by previous essays in authorship; so she is able to convey a fair notion of the more obvious surface aspects of things, and her pages can be read not only without effort, but with some admiration for her energy and her good spirits.

Having evidently had a "real good time" in Mexico, she succeeds in conveying a part of her own enjoyment to the reader, who must not complain if he does not find in her well-printed and copiously illustrated volume either the vivid descriptions or the solid information or the philosophic views which she never undertook to give him. Nevertheless, she does sometimes touch upon economic and commercial topics. She deplores the decline of English trade and sees danger in American competition. She is impressed by the failure of the English free-trade system, and has a simple explanation of the phenomena:

> "American [locomotive] engines, bridges, printing-machines, and automobiles are flooding our [*i. e.*, English] markets. This great Steel Trust is going to close many of our doors, and we intend to allow its produce to land upon our shores free!
>
> "Other countries are growing rich by means of protection; and England without it is now struggling to keep her head above water. All countries should be free, or all protected, otherwise our handicap will surely prove more than we can stand.
>
> " 'Why is America so rich?' I asked one of the greatest statesmen in the States.
>
> " 'Because of the duties you pay us and the goods we send you free!'
>
> "And he knows."

Evidently there is no more to be said.

It would be a good exercise for a college student to be set to piece together a connected account of Mexico from the isolated facts and summary judgments which lie scattered here and there through these four hundred and sixty pages of the largest octavo. The effort would resemble that of hunting through Shakspere's plays to find the materials of Bacon's 'Novum Organon.' Nevertheless, the thing may be done. We have gathered from Mrs. Tweedie certain impressions of Mexico. They are somewhat as follows:

The country presents singular contrasts of civilization and barbarism; but the barbarism is not confined to the agricultural Indians. Some essentially primitive superstitions and usages appear among the richer and better educated inhabitants of the cities. The Indians are good workers when

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they work, but naturally lazy and addicted to gambling, as indeed everybody is in Mexico. Gambling is the characteristic vice of the country among pure Spaniards, among the half-breeds, among the native tribes. The Indians are now generally quiet, under the stern discipline of the present Government, which, when a crime has been committed, shoots the suspected persons with little or no trial unless they can prove their innocence. But they are vindictive; and a harsh or unjust employer may probably perish by the knife at last. They are extremely superstitious, and in many places scarcely weaned from the worship of their ancient deities. The small Europeanized upper class is exclusive. Their courtesy is wonderful, their society delightful. They never see one another quietly in one another's houses. If a party is given, it becomes a banquet, for their hospitality, though not frequent, is lavish.

"Mexicans are very Latin by temperament. They become wildly enthusiastic over some person or thing which excites their interest for the time, but they soon weary of the new hobby, and the passion dies out almost as quickly as it was kindled. They are excitable in conversation, gesticulate freely to emphasize their words, and one feels the warm blood of a Southern race is tingling in their veins. They say all manner of delightful things, but, of course, they never mean them."

The extreme generality of this last sentence must, we suspect, be due to the modesty of our authoress, who did not wish her readers to suppose that she believed all the delightful things which the Mexicans are here recorded to have said about her.

The country is extraordinarily rich in its agricultural products and in its mines, but there has been so much trickery and fraud practised—not by the native Mexicans, for they don't undertake this kind of enterprise, but by foreigners—in bringing out mining companies, that English investors ought to be very careful to make inquiries before they take shares on faith of a prospectus. The three great wants of the country are labor, fuel, and water; the last being especially deficient in the northern provinces, since even where rain falls during the wet season no proper arrangements are made for storing it.

The drawbacks to travelling are the absence of good inns and the prevalence of dust-storms. Apropos of travelling, a piece of advice is given which Englishmen may need, but Americans do not: "Never refuse the offer of a private car." Thieving is extremely common, but highway robbery has been effectively repressed by the stringency of the Governors and by the efficiency of the *Rurales*, a gendarmerie which the President has formed out of those who were formerly bandits.

The favorite diversions of the people, besides gambling, are bull-fights and cock-fights. Mrs. Tweedie went to see both, in order to determine whether or no they are cruel sports. She pronounces that the bull-fight is not cruel (except so far as the gored horses are concerned) when the matador is skilful and can kill his bull by one well-planted thrust. Neither, in her judgment, is a cock-fight cruel when one of the birds kills its antagonist immediately. If the conflict is prolonged until both are badly wounded, cruelty may be said to come in. This seems a rather indulgent view. There is no better test of the true character of a nation than its sports; and the passion for bull-fighting, cock-fighting, and gambling among the civilized townsfolk throws an unpleasant light on the mind and tastes of the average Mexican. It is, however, to be remembered that a century has not yet elapsed since the Inquisition was abolished. Cruelty needs some time to get out of a people. We are told—and are glad to hear it—that the President of the Republic and his wife do not approve of bull-fights. Mrs. Tweedie dilates more than once on the merits and services of Gen. Diaz. She thinks him "the greatest dictator of modern times," and doubts whether any other man in the nineteenth century has done so much.

"As a soldier he has quelled war and established peace. As a ruler he has made a country—formerly insecure even to its own inhabitants—safe for all. As a diplomat he is at peace with the world. He has paid enormous debts and created solvency—now even developing into wealth—in Mexico." . . . "Has any man of humble origin, practically self-educated, raised himself to such a position, and brought his country from battle and murder to peace and prosperity?"

Porfirio Diaz is no doubt a remarkable man, one of the most remarkable of our time, whose character and career well deserve to be described by a more exact and critical pen than our authoress claims to wield. There does not seem to exist any good history of Mexico, and the subject may be commended to one of those ambitious young students whom our universities are now turning out in such numbers. Gen. Diaz has achieved great things, not for himself only, but for the country, and those who know it seem to think that his work, or at least a great part of it, may survive him, for he has accustomed the people to realize the benefits of order and to desire to advance the material prosperity of the republic.

We must not forget to add that Mrs. Tweedie's volume is embellished by a large number of photographic views, mostly of figure subjects, but to some extent of buildings also. Her interests lie in man rather than in nature, and the only elaborate description she gives is of the extraordinary caverns of Cacahuamilpa.

The Moors: A Comprehensive Description. By Budgett Meakin. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xxii, 504. 132 illustrations.

A Ride in Morocco among Believers and Traders. By Frances Macnab. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. Pp. xii, 368. 10 illustrations and map.

Seventy-one Days' Camping in Morocco. By Lady Grove. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. Pp. xii, 176. Portrait and 32 illustrations.

Mr. Meakin's Moroccan trilogy is now completed, and, in spite of all the criticisms which we have made or may yet make, our thanks and congratulations must be most heartily extended to him. There can be no grain of doubt that his book is a great one, and fills very worthily a felt gap in our means of information as to the East. That it has come exactly in time is also certain; before many years Morocco will be a friction-point of the first importance. Already the eagles are gathering, and the tourist is writing his little books of patriotic protest against the evil machinations of all the nations but his own.

The present volume is easily described. Its aim is to do for Morocco what Lane did for Cairo. It is a description of manners and customs, and differs from Lane's model book only with the difference between Lane and Mr. Meakin, and between a city and a widely extending and broadly varying country. These differences, in truth, are large enough, and the user of this book will need, especially if he is not a professed Orientalist, always to bear in mind that Mr. Meakin's knowledge, indeed, has come with the seeing of the eye and the hearing of the ear, and so far may be trusted, but that he has also been wofully handicapped by a lack of thorough Arabic, and evidently has made no fundamental study of the institutions of Islam. The strength which Lane drew from his labors in law, literature, and theology under the guidance of the shaykhs of the Azhar is wanting here. In consequence, to judge from a twice-repeated error on p. 226, he does not seem even to have learned that in Arabic a noun in the construct cannot take the article; and on page 308 he speaks of "nahu, sarf, and ájrûmîyah" as elements of grammatical knowledge, which is much as though we were to divide grammar into syntax, accidence, and Lindley Murray.

But, having said this, no further criticism need be made. Mr. Meakin's work is full and conscientious, and his estimates of the Moorish character and of the present Moorish conditions are incisive and exact. As examples of details, in spite of an evident liking for the Jews, he perceives—and all do so who have been long in contact with the East—that their practice of usury, their greed, and grinding of debtors, have much or everything to do with the outbursts of fury against them; that it is not foreign protection which is needed for them, but education and social development among themselves. In this volume also he is as emphatic as in those which have preceded on the value and necessity of mission work in Morocco. The knowledge of the resident of years is laid against the snap-shots of the traveller. Finally, and above all, he is to be congratulated on the manly and straightforward preface, in which he sums his own opinion of his work. It will go far to annul and disarm criticism.

Miss Macnab's book is in a very different class. She is evidently an old traveller and a practised writer; she has roughed it diversely, and possesses the gift to describe her sensations and experiences well. But she was never in the East before, and so could look at the Moors in a more human way than can any sated Oriental wanderer. To her they were really "folks," if rather akin to "niggers," and not simply another lot of Mohammedans. Miss Macnab's heart, too, is large, even going out to mules, and so she has laid down here a most sympathetic record of her rambles. Fairly, the only beings outside of the pale of humanity for her appear to be missionaries. Towards them she has no bowels of compassion; they are utterly, absolutely odious. From hints dropped she would seem to be what the Scotch call "a daughter of the manse"; if so, it was a very "established" manse, with high objections to dissenters and all unattached evangelists of dubious upbringing and more than dubious social standing. But, on another side, her interest in trade and her belief in its civilizing value are great, and that may be

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another explanation. The merchant and the missionary seldom, except when both are most exceptional, work together easily. From trade, too, springs her enmity to consuls and diplomats generally. They are, it is true, somewhat nearer to salvation than missionaries, but still a most useless and reactionary body of men. They, with the Foreign Office, give no adequate support to British trade. Of course, the same indictment is laid by the merchants of every other country against their own governments.

But, leaving such phases of the wrath of even the most heavenly minds, this book is one of a very remarkable value. With all her lack of Oriental experience, Miss Macnab shows a breadth and depth of insight into conditions of life, a possibility of getting upon terms with a people of unknown tongues and ways, a readiness of sympathy, a knowledge of economic possibilities in trade and agriculture, that are simply marvellous. There is not with her the plodding industry of Mr. Meakin—for that she had no time; but there is a quickness and certainty of grasp which is assuredly of kind with genius. Not statistics does she deal in, but appreciations. And all is enveloped in an exquisite medium of caressing humor; which carries the reader along into and through this new, if narrow, world. For, geographically, the ground covered by Miss Macnab was not extensive—Tangier to Tetuan, and back, then down the coast to Mazaghan, then to Marrakesh, or "Morocco City," back to the coast at Mogador—the usual tourist round; but it was done all the way in the closest contact with the people, and the book which has come from it is a delight and an illumination.

It is a pity that little of the like can be said for Lady Grove's venture. Without doubt it will be found very readable by her friends, who can understand the allusions and personalities, amiable and semi-amiable; but, for the unprivileged outer public, these must remain somewhat pointless. A lively onslaught on the irrepressible Mr. Cunningham-Graham is to be highly approved, and an interview with the Sultan—a beatitude which Miss Macnab did not reach—has its side of humor. Other result from the prettily gotten-up book cannot be registered.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Matthew. Dramatic and Early Poems. (Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Ball, R. S. The Earth's Beginning. D. Appleton & Co. $1.80.
Barton, G. A. The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in the Old Testament. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.
Brenton, Hilda. Uncle Jed's Country Letters. Henry A. Dickerman & Son.
Clark, S. S. The Government: What It Is, What It Does. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Davis, W. M. Elementary Physical Geography. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Davison, C. S. "Selling the Bear's Hide." Richmond Hill (L. I.): Published by the Author.
Emerson, E. R. A Lay Thesis on Bible Wines. Merrill & Baker.
Fairbairn, A. M. The Philosophy of the Christian Religion. Macmillan.
Gow, William. Drift of Isla. London: Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d.
Helmolt, H. F. The History of the World. Vol. IV. The Mediterranean Countries. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Irwin, Wallace. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám Junior. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. 50 cents.
John McGovern's Poems. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord. $1.
King, Mary E. Bread and Wine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Libraries of Greater New York: Manual and Historical Sketch of the New York Library Club. Published by the Club.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Buried Temple. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40.
Norton, J. P. Statistical Studies in the New York Money Market. (Yale University Department of Social Sciences.) Macmillan.
Page, W. H. The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Rodkinson, M. L. New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud, Vol. VI. New Talmud Pub. Co.
Sanborn, F. B. The Service, by Henry David Thoreau. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. $2.50.
Scheibert, J. Mit Schwert und Feder. Berlin: *Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn; New York:* Lemcke & Buechner.
Spencer, Herbert. Facts and Comments. D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.
Tappan, Eva M. Our Country's Story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 65 cents.
Tarver, J. C. Tiberius the Tyrant. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.
Taylor, B. L. Line-o'-Type Lyrics. Evanston (Ill.): William S. Lord. 50 cents.
"Veritas." The German Empire of To-day. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.25.
Wall, W. W. British Railway Finance. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Wiggin, Kate D. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Wilson, Theodora W. T'Bacca Queen. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Wynne, J. F. A Blighted Rose. Detroit: The Angelus Pub. Co. $1.50.

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